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A Tale of Witchcraft Days in the Old COLONY

by Pauline Bradford Mackie

Pictures by Charlotte Harding

A PURITAN SOLDIER'S LOVE

THE shadows of the golden October morning stretched long across the earth as Susannah, carrying a bucket of water, turned from the town's highway into the little lane that led by the jail. When she reached the door of the low and rudely erected stone building, with its barred windows, she set down the bucket, and, raising the great iron knocker, rapped vigorously. Then gravely, her head held expectantly to one side, she listened for the feeble step of the old jailer, and the tapping of his stick, as he would come adown the corridor. Instead, she heard a quick and swinging stride, and the door was opened suddenly by a soldier.

She drew back startled. Her rosy color paled. "I had not thought to find you, Giles," she faltered.

"Nay," he answered gravely, "nor had I thought yestere'en to be here, but strange things have happed since then. Will you come in? Nay? Then I will come out." He drew to the heavy door and locked it. Then he fetched a great breath. "How good is God's sunshine, Susannah." Yet even as he finished speaking thus gratefully, he glanced fearfully around him.

"Where bides the old jailer?" questioned Susannah. "I have some words to whisper in his ear."

"Nay," answered the soldier, "deaf ears only can he lend you. Last night, during that dreadful revel of the witches——"

•

"Ay," she broke in, "our house shook with the storm. I could not sleep, but crept out of my bed into the living-room. There the master sat at his books. The lightning dimmed the flame of his candles, but he——"

"I know, I know," he interrupted. "List, Susannah. Last night the jailer was found dead, his neck twisted, his face black, and set in an awful grin, as if, he being a godly man, had been forced to laugh against his will at the revels of the witches!"

Both shuddered.

"What is that sound?" asked Susannah faintly.

"'Tis a prisoner weeping for her lost soul," answered the soldier grimly.

The maid seated herself on the stone step. The soldier took the old jailer's chair. His face softened as he looked down upon her. From underneath her cap of yellowish linen escaped the silken tresses of her hair. He made a sudden awkward, yet infinitely tender gesture, as if he fain would have touched her little head. But he drew back his hand quickly in fear lest he should startle her. And the thought came into his mind that she was like a bird, shy and dainty, quick to fly away.

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"What message had you for the old jailer?" he asked.

"Nay," she answered, "I cannot tell it to you."

As he shifted his chair, for the sun shone in his eyes, he knocked over the bucket of water. Frowning, he bent and lifted the heavy pail.

"Susannah," he said, "he has instructed you well in book-learning, but you are naught better than his serving-wench. Bide here whilst I go to refill the bucket."

He rose. "Nay," he cried in sudden vexation, "how can I leave here?"

"I will hold the keys," she said.

He hesitated. His glance passed from her slender arms to the heavy bucket. He looked down the little lane to the town's highway. A short distance farther was the town pump. He tried the door. It was secure. With a certain gayety, born of her presence, he laid the bunch of keys in Susannah's lap.

"I leave my honor in your keeping. See to it that no witch escapes, oh, little jailer!" He laughed as he spoke. Had he not seen to it that the cell-doors were locked, and that the more malicious of the witches were well loaded down with iron chains?

•

He lifted the pail again and set off with the swinging stride of the soldier.

At the turning of the lane he glanced back and caught a last glimpse of little Susannah in her gray and sober garb, sitting in the sunshine. And the snowy kerchief crossed at her throat seemed to shine silver like the breast of a dove. He resolved that, upon his return, he should tell her of his love. This thought of her as his wife, her delicacy and sweetness, added a new worth and dignity to his manhood.

So with a newer pride and lifting of his head he turned into the highway.

Imperceptible, and yet perceptibly felt, a shadow of doom hovered over the village.

That terrible witch panic, which was to leave so dark a blot on the escutcheon of New England, was in its fullest sway. Eight hangings for witchery had occurred within the last week.

As Giles passed the meeting-house where the trials were held, he perceived that, early as it was, a crowd pressed round the great front door, anxious to secure the best seats when court should open. This gathering was composed of sailors, wild for excitement, idle fellows of the town, and boys, and, mingled with them, several women.

But the majority of the good wives were yet within their homes, preparing frugal breakfasts, while the merry voices of the little children were mysteriously hushed, as if a Pied Piper had called them far away.

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A group of gossips who, with blanched faces and terrified eyes, stood whispering and nodding as each awaited her turn to fill her pail at the town pump, hailed the scarlet-coated soldier for details of the old jailer's tragic death.

"Nay, nay, gossips," he cried, shaking them off as they clutched his sleeve. "I have no time to dilly-dally, with all the prisoners yet to feed. Lord help us all! 'Tis the last meal old Goody Hotchkiss takes on earth. This very morn he swings at the halter's end."

A shriek interrupted him. At the words a young wife had flung her apron over her head and sobbed aloud. The condemned prisoner was her father.

Hardened to such sounds and sights, the soldier, as the gossips' attention was turned from him, seized the moment's opportunity to fill his bucket and to make his escape. But he was again fated to be delayed. As he passed the meeting-house, the crowd gathered there assailed him for news of the old jailer. At last he freed himself impatiently from their midst and hastened on. An unaccountable anxiety had risen in his breast. His vigorous stride kept him in advance of the loiterers who followed at his heels, the women half-running to keep up with him.

•

As he turned into the lane he saw the chair empty in the sunshine at the door of the jail. Susannah had disappeared.

When he reached the jail he found rudely printed on the door with a piece of red clay the words:

"Giles: I, Susannah, hath set Free ye Prisoners."

So quickly he raised his arm and brushed the words away that he thought none saw. Yet, as he turned and his glance swept the faces, his heart sank. One or two had evidently distinguished

"NOW DO I KNOW THAT THOU ART A WITCH"

the words, and although the crowd was largely composed of sailors and idle fellows whose word went for naught, yet it was a time when the least suspicion fastened upon a person meant certain death.

A straggler in the rear shouted and held up a glittering object. It was the bunch of keys Susannah had flung into the grass.

The keys were passed up to Giles. He tried the door and it opened to his touch. A swift glance down the corridor showed the cell doors all flung open. Then he spied a newcomer in the crowd and called out to him loudly:

"Philip, you who were my childhood's friend and are the friend of my manhood, will you help me now?" And he held his spear across the open doorway as a barrier, until his friend should reach him.

Now the man whom he had addressed was somewhat famous as a wag, and, because wit oft cuts a way where force is powerless, he made his way easily through the excited crowd. Now he put his hands on the shoulders of a clown who blocked his way.

"Good man," he whispered mysteriously, "methinks a yellow bird is comfortably perched on the brim o' your hat."

The fellow flung his hat from him, and his fat face blanched and his teeth chattered.

A buxom gossip, with arms akimbo, planted herself squarely in his path. But he bent and whispered in her ear, and, when she had heard his words, she shrieked and clutched her hands to her head and strove to make her way out of the crowd.

*

The panic spread until all were fleeing down the lane back to town. And Philip, laughing, stepped within the jail. Then his gayety left him.

"Good friend," he said earnestly, clapping the other's shoulder, "what troubles you?"

But the soldier, making the round of the cells, replied not.

Three of the prisoners had escaped; some, who were too broken and cowed by terror, had not dared to take advantage of the opportunity, while the more malicious of the witches, being loaded with iron chains, had been powerless as before.

When he had locked the doors, Giles turned and gave the bunch of keys to his friend for safe-keeping.

"Once before this very morn did I give these keys into another's hands," he said bitterly; "now I give them to you. Yet my honor I give not into your keeping, for it is gone. She, into whose hands I gave it, flung it away." And he further bade his friend watch the jail until he should return, and to give none entrance unless it should be one bearing authority.

The jail, like all public buildings of the day, had but one entrance, so he stepped out of the front door and around the corner, and a moment later his scarlet coat flashed between the forest trees.

*

Soon the people, actuated by curiosity and an almost frenzied craving for excitement, came huddling back like frightened sheep.

They found the long-legged Philip seated in the sunshine at the door of the jail. He was whittling. And being possessed of a petty malice, he would ever and anon glance up sharply from his stick, spy some one whose weakness he knew, and have a jest at his expense. And again he would fall to humming:

"Everye white will have its blacke
And everye sweete its sowre
—its sowre!"

At the extreme end of the village, o'ershadowed by the great forest, lay Susannah's home.

Eighteen years ago there had been an uprising among the Indians, and the people of a neighboring village had been massacred. Those who went to the scene of the massacre found not a survivor, save a child, swaddled like a papoose and left on the floor of the meeting-house. Sadly, bearing this one little baby, the villagers returned home.

*

For many years the child lived on the charity of the town. As she grew, it became more and more apparent that she was of different blood. Her skin held a rich softness, her hair blew like a dusky, silken cloud about her face, and she was small and delicately formed. The villagers whispered that she was of French extraction and an influence for evil. And the whisper grew to a murmur, until at last the voice of the common people grew loud and clamored either that she should die, or else be given food to last for several days and sent forth into the forest.

But their intentions came to the ears of a scholar in the village. He was a man famed for wisdom, and so old that people might but guess at his age. And there were those who believed him to be a holy prophet dwelling in their midst. He rescued the little foreign child and took her to his home, persuading the villagers that God did intend her soul to be saved by them.

Now the sad Puritans had christened the child Sorrow, but he called her Susannah, signifying lily, asserting she had come among them simply obeying the will of God even as the lilies of the field grew without thought of living.

*

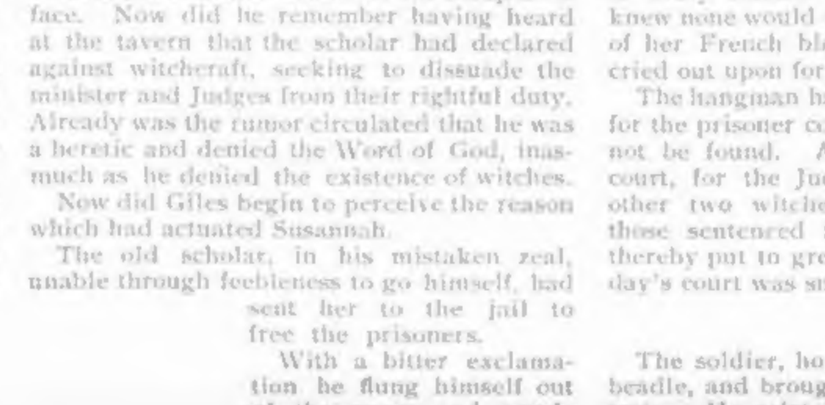
When his old housekeeper died she became his serving-wench as well as his companion.

Although he versed her in simple learning, he instilled into her naught of his scholarship, for he, having drank deeply at the fount of wisdom, had grown aweary of wisdom, and wished Susannah might be innocent as the birds and flowers. But while she thus had little book-learning, her association with him had taught her much refinement of speech and manner.

Upon this morning the scholar sat at his books. The light creeping through the undrawn curtains at the window showed a face all white, and weary from long study. His gray beard swept the table; one hand supported his head as he wrote, and it seemed the hand of a spectre. Several candles had burned out, but one still flamed.

Suddenly, although his senses were dulled to the sounds preceding it, he was startled by a blinding light falling across the parchment on which he wrote. Slowly he raised his head to see from whence that light fell.

Standing on the threshold of the open door of his study was a soldier. The sunlight fell over his stalwart figure and cast his shadow in long length across the darkened room.



The light creeping through the undrawn curtains at the window showed a face all white, and weary from long study

A smile, both wild and strange, illumined the other's face for a moment. "Nay, I shall not die," he cried; "does death ever come to him who longs for it?"

He rose, a tall, shadowy figure of an old man in a dressing-gown, a cord knotted around his waist. He wavered uncertain as he stood. A rapt expression came upon his face, and he extended his trembling arms.

"When wilt Thou remember me, oh, my God," he cried in a loud voice. "Thy faithful servant! Thy faithful servant! Children, ay, and the wicked dost Thou choose before me,—Thy servant!"

*

Awed, the soldier stared at the enraptured face. Now did he remember having heard at the tavern that the scholar had declared against witchcraft, seeking to dissuade the minister and Judges from their rightful duty. Already was the rumor circulated that he was a heretic and denied the Word of God, inasmuch as he denied the existence of witches.

Now did Giles begin to perceive the reason which had actuated Susannah.

The old scholar, in his mistaken zeal, unable through feebleness to go himself, had sent her to the jail to free the prisoners.

With a bitter exclamation he flung himself out of the room and strode down the corridor.

In the kitchen, Susannah stirred the breakfast porridge as it bubbled in an iron pot that was swung over the fire.

She started when the soldier entered, and retreated to the far end of the kitchen, holding in front of her the great spoon she had been using. And mingled with her affright was annoyance that some of the porridge had dripped from the spoon on to her newly sanded floor.

At the soldier's stern gaze her own glance wavered. Lower drooped her lashes, until they swept her cheeks.

"Have they sent for me, Giles?" she faltered.

*

"Not yet, but they will come," he replied grimly; "you must flee if you would save your life." He caught up her long coat, which lay across a stool, and gave it to her. He perceived that her little fingers trembled so she could not fasten it. A convulsive sob shook him, and he bent and fastened her cloak, kneeling to tie the last strings that closed it. On the table lay a plate of small wheaten cakes. He slipped several of them into her pocket.

He drew her toward the door, which opened almost into the forest.

"Follow that path," he said, pointing to the three red oaks, "then turn to the left and cross straight to the seashore. Wait there for me." He gave her his knife and flint.

Susannah suddenly slipped past him back into the room, and began to lay the table hurriedly.

"He is so old," she explained; "he knows not how to make his own porridge."

Her thought of another at such a time of danger, her little housewifely anxiety, pierced his heart. He caught her up in his arms.

As he would have put her down, her arms tightened around his neck, and she nestled her head against his shoulder. He looked down and saw her, rosy, smiling, with a childlike forgetfulness of danger.

"Susannah," he beseeched, "if you love me, go at once. I will attend to your old master. Go; go!"

It was but a few steps from the threshold into the forest. He almost pushed her out of the door. Soon the little figure in its sober brown vanished in the gorgeous, autumn-tinted forest.

Giles filled a basin with porridge and milk, and carried it into the study. The old scholar, heavy with sleep, sat nodding in his chair. So he set the basin on the table and went softly out. He had made a détour through the woods around the village to reach the house, that he might secretly warn Susannah of her danger. But now that she had escaped, he stepped boldly from the front door into the highway.

*

He knew no danger threatened him. All responsibility for the morning's work would fall upon the maid.

Much as he had longed to accompany her, he felt it was not the part of wisdom to do so. She could never return to the village, and he, if he followed her, would also be banished. So, in anticipation of a long journey before they should reach friendly shelter, he must secure provisions and his hunter's outfit, and meet her well prepared.

He recalled tales he had heard of a "faire green countree" lying to the south, and governed by a Quaker, William Penn, who was said to welcome the good and oppressed of every nation. Once in that haven, he knew none would condemn Susannah because of her French blood, or that she had been cried out upon for a witch.

The hangman had no work to do that morn, for the prisoner condemned then to die could not be found. Also, there was trouble in court, for the Judges, discovering that the other two witches who had escaped were those sentenced for trial that morn, were thereby put to great inconvenience, and that day's court was suspended.

*

The soldier, however, was arrested by the beadle, and brought before the chief magistrate. He related the circumstances truthfully, yet failed to make known his part in effecting the escape of Susannah. When he fain would have taken all blame upon himself, save for that which attached to the old scholar, pitying looks were cast upon him, and the Judges looked very wise; for they saw the escaped maid had indeed cast a glamour both over the hard soldier and the learned doctor by the witchery of her ways.

It was late in the afternoon before Giles was dismissed. He hastened into the forest. At last he reached the ocean and looked far and wide along its solemn shore. The sun was sinking, a red ball in a gray sky. It cast a pathway of dull fire across the sombre waters. He put his hands to his mouth and halloed. But only the echoes flung back his cry, and a little later came the howl of a wolf.

A sense of desolation shook him. He thought of his love, innocent and helpless, wandering amidst the forest dangers. He knew she had failed to follow his directions, and terror seized him as he tried to reason what could have prevented. The greater part of that night and all the next day he spent in unavailing search.

The second night came down swiftly, and still he wandered hither and thither through the rustling leaves, ever searching for a glimpse of fire, for he thought she might have kindled one to guide him. After many hours the moon arose, and by her fair light he caught high above him the ghostly gleam of the white turret of a meeting-house.

*

Yet he perceived no cheerful twinkle of lights. He decided to climb the hill, that he might obtain a better view. A strong current of damp air beat down upon him as he climbed. At last he reached the top.

Young saplings filled the space once cleared about the meeting-house. The bright moonlight lay in patches on the ground. Beyond on all sides he saw only the close forest. He rubbed his eyes and stared about him. Yet no friendly yellow gleam in the sleeping village met his gaze. He turned and tried the door of the meeting-house. It opened to his touch. That damp air, which had beat against him as he climbed, assailed him afresh. He saw that the windows were unshuttered, and that the moonshine streamed through them.

Terror shook his soul. "Susannah," he called. Alas, how many times had he called in vain! But now to his strained and startled hearing came a cry. "Giles."

One word only, but it was tender and wistful, and full of joy.

Her little figure, with arms outstretched to him, appeared suddenly, as by a miracle, in the moonlight.

With a bound he reached her and caught her to him. She related to him how, having seen some bright flowers, she had stopped to

"Nay, nay, gossips, I have no time to dilly-dally"

"Where is Susannah?" asked the soldier.

"Susannah?" echoed the other. "What seek you with her?"

The soldier groaned. "I seek to save her life. She obtained the keys of the jail from me this morn. I was on guard, for the old man was done to death by the witches last night. Whilst I was gone on an errand for her she set several of the prisoners free."

The scholar nodded. "Ay, I sent her."

*

"You sent her!" echoed the soldier; "you sent her! Man, do you know what you have done?" He made a sudden forward step and clutched the old man's thin shoulder. "Do you know this morning's deed will brand her as a witch?" A storm of indignation shook him. "Nay, it is you who will be cried out upon,—you, who would have sent an innocent maid to her death. Ay, this deed shall mean your death!"

pluck them, and wandering on to where they grew more luxuriantly, had lost her way. But toward sunset of the first day she had found a deserted meeting-house and had entered and there awaited him.

"Were you not afeared?" he asked.

"Nay," she answered solemnly. "I was not alone."

Now her words struck him curiously, though in a vague fashion. Still they lingered in his memory.

Tearfully she told him that the cakes had not lasted long and that she was an hungered and athirst. But he comforted her and gave her cakes, and some of the good rum he had brought in his knapsack. And then he took off his doublet and made her lie down on one of the benches and rest.

*

"I," he said, "will watch over you, and at peep of dawn we shall be on our way. I am fearful of discovery. Shall I take you to Penn's fair country? What say you? Still, I bethink myself of something better. Erstwhile I met a sailor at the tavern. Again I heard of those Southern rivers, whose sands sparkle with gold, and of a marvelous fountain——"

"Sparkle with gold," echoed little Susannah dreamily. She reached out and took his hand, as he knelt beside her, and put it under her soft cheek. He saw that her eyes were closed. Loth to disturb her, he remained kneeling, although his position was a cramped one.

Now that the excitement of finding her was passed, he again began to speculate upon his surroundings. Again he became conscious of that strange dampness. It chilled him to the marrow. Phosphorescent gleams attracted his gaze. A dark object lay on the floor near by. He picked it up. It was a Bible, the leathern covers eaten with mould.

A weight of terror oppressed him. He recalled tales of how deserted meeting-houses were the places sought by witches at midnight for their revels. A white owl, with a mournful cry, appeared from the darkness at the end of the building and fluttered out of the window. He knew it to be a witch in disguise. A cold sweat broke out over him. He prayed aloud.

As he prayed, he glanced down and perceived Susannah to be awake. As he met her gaze, his heart contracted and the prayerful words died on his lips. Long he stared at her. In her eyes, wide and black, he seemed to see a gallows tree, dark against a blue sky.

With a bound he sprang to his feet and tore at his collar, as if it choked him.

"Now, in God's name," he cried, "do I believe thee to be a witch!"

*

The night seemed long before dawn.

Bitterly the soldier awaited the light. So deep was his grief he had no heart for fear. For a long time the sobbing of Susannah smote his ear, but he heard it with a heart like stone. He remembered now that she was of French extraction, and thanked God that he had not taken her to be his wife. He recalled the old wives' tales of how she had been found in a meeting-house. He did not doubt she was a witch's child, and had drifted back to this deserted meeting-house, where her kind met for their revels.

Yet, though he shuddered to remain in the place, all that was manful in him remembered her womanhood, evil though it was, and he did not leave her. He found further proof of her guilt in that, when he had inquired if she had been affrighted, she had replied she had not been alone.

When dawn came, the maid rose and went out of the door and down the hillside.

Now, while reason told the soldier that he should turn and flee from her, he yielded to the temptation to follow. In his amazement at the direction she took, he forgot his resolve to hold no converse with her, and called out:

"Know you not, oh, witch, that this way leadeth back to town?"

*

She turned, and he shrank from her gaze, so wide-eyed, so sad, so free from reproach. None of his harshness might hurt the sweetness of her soul.

"I do return, Giles, to offer myself up for trial before the Judges."

He was torn between his love and doubt. Then suddenly he bethought himself that she, by such an innocent seeming, sought still further to delude him.

Late in the afternoon they reached the three red oaks. Here she seated herself on a fallen log. For the first time since early morn she turned her gaze upon the soldier.

"My poor Giles," she said; "how wearied you are."

Her sweetness pierced his heart. He leaned against a tree and looked down at her.

"Susannah," he said humbly, because conscious of his own temptation not to resist her charm, "why do you return? There still is chance to escape." For the old desire surged back into his heart, and he was willing to sell his soul to possess her love,—though it was the love of a witch!

"Giles," she said, "life is not made by number of days, neither by evil deeds, but by the good a man doeth. All last night I bethought myself of the teachings of my master, how he had impressed upon me that this witchery business is indeed a snare the devil hath set for the feet of the most godly. And, when he sent me to obtain, if possible, the keys from the old jailer, and to let the witches free, he did advise me to take no thought for my life, for God would remember me. Now, in taking thought for my life, fear, I do perceive, entered into me. Thus evil consequences did follow, and I lost your love, and you did put upon me that I was a witch. Last night, in those sorrowful hours, I had a vision, in which I saw God meant me to be an innocent sacrifice, that my death might lead others to doubt."

Her voice sank almost to a whisper, her eyes grew solemn and far away. "In this vision I saw the gallows-tree and the scaffold dark against the blue sky, and knew that I should hang therefrom."

The soldier remembered how he had looked into her eyes and seen this vision. He had given it an evil meaning, whereas now he knew it was a sign sent to him from God that the maid was to be a martyr, and never might he take her to be his wife.

He covered his eyes with his hand. "That I should have spoken to you harshly, Susannah!"

Now, while the man in him fought against her sacrifice, and he fain would have deterred her from her purpose, his Puritanical training bade him resist the temptation, for he perceived the will of God was in this thing. So with a mighty effort he controlled himself and uttered no protest.

Never had day drawn to a fairer close.

The air was mellow with the golden October sunshine. Silently, they neared the village. Susannah, although going to her trial and probable death, was upborne by a great exaltation, but Giles was minded only that she never would be his wife, and he thought with anguish of her tender body, which would be made to suffer a cruel death.

As they entered the highway they became aware of an unusual excitement. All had the appearance of a gala day celebration. The good wives wore their holiday bodices of scarlet, blue or green. Many strangers mingled with the villagers.

Giles drew Susannah to one side. There grew upon the two a sense of strangeness, as if they were unreal spectators of an unreal show. They looked about them.

Near the town pump they perceived old Goody Hotchkiss, leaning on his stick, the centre of a group of gossips.

The stocks were empty, save for one old fellow, so oft an offender that, worn out with excitement, he had returned to them voluntarily for a nap.

There came dancing down the street a tall, slim fellow, crowned with a wreath of scarlet maple leaves, holding a laughing child on his shoulder. A group of children followed.

The soldier made a step forward and took forcible hold of him. "Philip," he cried, "what meaneth all this?"

A brief moment his friend stared blankly at him, then laughed loud and clapped him on the shoulder. "I forgot you had been gone these two days, Giles."

And he told them how the representatives of the people had assembled that morn, and how the people of the neighboring village, their minister joining with them, had also come with their remonstrance against the doings of the witch tribunals.

"For," added Philip solemnly, "who of us can think himself safe if accusations made by witches, and those under diabolical influence, are to be received against virtuous persons?"

The day foretold by the scholar to his little maid had come to pass.

The witchcraft panic had reached its climax. The terrified people had risen and declared against the terrible plague. The prisoners had been reprieved, the Judges had gone off the bench. It was that famous second Wednesday in October, 1692.

* * * * * *

THE MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC with Pictures by Harrison Fisher

Chapter III

THORPE took a long, thoughtful pull at the beer his sister brought him.

"Ah, I didn't know I was so thirsty," he said, when he put the glass down. "Truth is, I've lost track of myself altogether since,—since the big thing happened. I seem to be somebody else,—a comparative stranger, so to speak. I've got to get acquainted with myself all over again. You can't imagine what an extraordinary feeling it is,—this being hit every few minutes **with the recollection that you're worth half a million. It's like being struck over the head. It knocks you down.** There are such thousands of things to do,—you dance about, all of a-flutter. You don't know where to begin."

"Begin where you left off," suggested Louisa. "You were going to tell me how,—how 'the big thing' happened. You're always coming to it,—and never getting any further."

Nodding comprehension of the rebuke's justification, he plunged into the tale.

"You remember my telling you at the time how I got my Board together. I'm

"That's the Marquis of Chaldon, a tremendous diplomatic swell"

speaking now of the present company,—after I'd decided to be my own promoter, and have at least some kind of a lookin' for my money. There wasn't much money left, by the way; it was considerably under three thousand. But I come to that later.

"First, there was the Board. Here was where that Lord Plowden that I told you about,—the man who came over on the ship with me,—came in. I went to him. I was desperate,—but I hadn't much of an idea he'd consent. But he did! He listened to me, and I told him how I'd been robbed, and how the syndicate would have cut my throat if I hadn't pulled away,—and he said, 'Why, yes; I'll go on your Board.' Then I told him more about it, and presently he said he'd get me another man of title,—a sky-scraper of a title, too,—to be my chairman. That's the Marquis of Chaldon, a tremendous diplomatic swell, you know, Ambassador at Vienna in his time, and Lord Lieutenant, and all sorts of things, **but willing to gather his five hundred a year all the same.**"

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"Do you mean that you pay him £500 a year?" asked the sister.

"Yes; I've got a live Markis who works for me at ten quid a week, and a few extras. The other directors get three hundred. This Lord Plowden is one of them,—but I'll tell you more about him later on. Then there's Watkin, he's a small accountant Finsbury way; and Davidson, he's a wine merchant who used to belong to a big firm in Dundee, but gets along the best way he can on a very dicky business here in London now. And then there's General Kervick, awfully well-connected old chap, they say, but I guess he needs all he can get. He's started wearing his fur coat already.

"Well, that's my Board. I couldn't join it, of course, till after allotment,—that's because I'm the vendor, as they call it,—but that hasn't interfered at all with my running the whole show. The Board doesn't really count, you know. It only does what I want it to do. It's just a form that costs me seventeen hundred a year,—that's all."

"Seventeen hundred a year," she repeated mechanically.

"Well, then we got out the prospectus, d'ye see. Or, first, there were other things to be done. I saw that a good broker's name counted for a lot on a prospectus. I picked out one that I'd heard was reasonable,—it'd been a splendid name if I could have got it,—but he calmly said his price was £2000, all cash down,—and I came away.

"Finally, I got a fellow who hadn't done much of anything yet, and so wasn't so stiff about his figure. It was lucky that I hit on him,—for he turned out, at the pinch, to be the one man in a million for me. He agreed to take £500 cash and £2000 in shares. I'll tell you about him later. He's the broker, mind; don't forget him.

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"Well, then, he and I got a solicitor; he took £200 cash, but he had to have 2000 shares,—and the firm of auditors,—they were £100 cash and 1000 shares. Every company has to have these people pasted on to it, by law.

"Oh, yes, and then you must have your bankers. You don't pay them anything, though. Well, then, there was the machinery complete, all ready to start. I took a handsome set of offices,—and furnished them up to the nines,—but that I was able to do pretty well on credit. You see, ready money was getting short.

"And now came the biggest pull of all. There was the press to be worked."

"General Kervick, awfully well-connected old chap,—but he's started wearing his fur coat already"

He spoke as if there were no other papers in London but the financial journals.

"I didn't sleep much while that was being fixed up. You've got no more idea of what the press means, Louisa, than you have of,—of a coil of snakes thawing out hungry in the spring. Why, if one blackmailer came to me, I swear a hundred did. They scared the life out of me the first month or so. And then there's a swarm of advertising agents, who say they can keep these blackmailers off if you'll make it worth their while. But they all wanted too much money for me,—and for a while I was at my wits' end.

"At last I got a fellow,—he's not behaved so badly, all things considered,—who had some sporting blood in his veins, and he was willing to do the whole thing for £5000, if I could pay £1500 down and the rest in shares. But that was just what I couldn't do, you see, so finally he took £1000 down and £5000 in shares,—and as I say, he's done it tolerably well, all things considered.

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"There was one editor that I had to square personally,—that is to say, £100 cash,—it had to be in sovereigns, for notes could be traced,—and a call of 2000 shares at par,—he's the boss pirate that everybody has to square,—and, of course, there were odd ten-pound notes here and there,—but as a rule I just opened the door and fired the blackmailers out. The moment a fellow came in and handed me his card, and said he had proofs of two kinds of articles in his pocket, one praising me, one damning me,—I told him to go and see my advertising agent,—and if he wouldn't do that, then to go to hell. That's the way you've got to talk in the city," he added, in apologetic explanation.

Louisa looked impassively at her brother. "Oh, I've heard the expression as far west as the Strand," she remarked.

"Well, then came the issue. That was last Saturday. You saw the prospectus in Saturday morning's papers, and in the weeklies. The list was to be kept open, it said, till Wednesday morning,—that was yesterday. That is to say, during all that time people could apply for shares."

"Which they didn't do,—according to your account," the sister suggested dryly.

Thorpe passed his fingers through his roughened hair, and eyed her with a momentary quizzical gleam in his eye. Then he

became serious again. The recollection of what he was now to narrate brought a frown to his brows.

"On Tuesday afternoon," he began, with portentious deliberation,—" or no, first I must explain something. You see, in bringing out a company, you can't put up too stout a bluff. I mean, you've got to behave as if you were rolling in wealth,—as if everything was coming your way, and fortunes were to be made by fastening to you. I don't know that it often fools anybody very much, but it's part of the game, and you must play it.

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"Well, accordingly, my broker goes on 'Change Saturday morning, and has his jobber shout out that he'll buy 'Rubber Consols' (that's what our shares are called on the Street) at an eighth premium,—that is to say, he offered to buy for twenty-two and six what we were offering to the public for twenty shillings. Of course, you see, the object of that was to create the impression that there was a regular stampede for our shares. As I say, I don't know whether that ever fooled anybody, but at least there was the chance that it might start up some dealing in the shares, and all those things help. Besides, you get the sales noticed in the papers, and that might start up applications from the public.

"Well, the broker bought 1000 shares this way on Saturday. On Monday, when it might still be possible to change the luck, he bought 3500 more, still at that premium of an eighth. He bought some Tuesday morning, too,—say 4000. Well, now, keep those figures in your head, and keep an eye on the broker. He's worth watching."

"What's his name?" asked the sister, with an accession of alertness in her face. "You call him 'broker,' and that doesn't mean anything to me. They're all brokers."

"Semple,—Colin Semple, that's his name. He's a young Scotchman,—his father's a Presbyterian minister. He's a little, insignificant runt of a chap to look at, but I learned a long time ago not to judge a singed cat by his looks. However, where was I?"

"You were going to tell about Tuesday afternoon, weren't you?"

He nodded gravely, and straightened himself, drawing a long breath in preparation for the dramatic recital before him. "On Tuesday afternoon," he began again, with impressive slowness, "I was walking on Throgmorton Street, about four o'clock. It was raining a little,—it had been raining on and off all day,—a miserable, dull, rotten sort of a day, with greasy mud everywhere, and everybody poking umbrellas into you.

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"I was out walking, because I'd 'a' cut my throat if I'd tried to stay in the office another ten minutes. All that day I hadn't eaten anything. I hadn't slept worth speaking of for three nights. The whole game was up for me. I was worse than ruined. I had half a crown in my pocket. I had ten or twelve pounds in the bank,—and they wouldn't let me overdraw a farthing. I tell you, I was plumb busted.

"There came along in the gutter a sandwich man. I'd seen the fellow before during the day, walking up and down near my offices. I took notice of him, because he was the raggedest, dirtiest, most forlorn-looking cripple you ever saw in your life. Now I read what was on his boards. It was the bill of a paper that I had refused to be bled by, and there it was in big letters: 'The Rubber Bubble Burst!' 'Thorpe's Audacity Punished!' Those were the words. I can see them with my eyes shut.

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"I stood there, looking at the fellow, and I suppose there was something in the way I looked, for he stopped, too. Of course, he didn't know me from Adam, but all the same, I'll be hanged if he didn't wink his eye at me,—as if we two had a joke between us. And at that I burst out laughing,—I simply roared with laughter, like a boy at a pantomime,—and I took that last half-crown out of my pocket, and I gave it to the sandwich-man. Gad! You should have seen his face.

"Well, I went on down the street. The members of the Stock Exchange were coming out of 'the house,' and making up little groups on the pavement. They do business inside, you know, until closing time,—this day it happened to be four o'clock,—and then they come out and deal in the street with one another, with the curbstone mob, who are not allowed inside, standing round to watch the thing. I came along into the thick of these fellows; they were yelling out all sorts of things,—'East Rands,' 'Oroyas,' 'Lake View Centrals,' and what not, but these went in one ear and out the other. If there ever was a man with no stomach for the market, it was me. But then some one roared out:

"'At seven-eighths, sell Rubber Consols! Sell five hundred Rubber at seven-eighths! Sell five hundred at three-quarters! At three-quarters you have 'em! Rubber Consols! Sell a thou. at three-quarters!'

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"This thing went into my brain like a live coal. I stopped and looked up at the fellow,—it was one of the men I've been talking about,—one of those Kaffir scoundrels. I wish I was better at remembering names,—but I knew his face. There were some of the others around him, and they laughed at me, and he laughed at me. Oh, they had a heap of fun out of me,—for a minute or two. Pretty good fun, too! I guess they'll remember it quite a while."

"Go on!" Louisa adjured him. The obvious proximity of the dramatic climax drew her forward in her chair, and brought a glow of expectation to her eyes.

"I got myself away from that crowd somehow,—I think I was afraid if I stayed I'd strangle the one who was shouting on the steps,—and I went toward my office. But when I got to the door I didn't have the courage to go in. I'd furnished it better, I suppose, than any other office in Austin Friars,—and I had a kind of feeling that the sight of those carpets, and oak tables and desks, and so on, would make me sick. I owed for 'em all, bear in mind."

"But Joel," the sister interposed. "One thing I don't understand. How many people had applied for shares? You haven't mentioned that."

A fleeting smile lighted up the saturnine gloom of his present mood. "It was hardly worth mentioning," he answered, with bitter mirth. "Between five and six thousand shares were subscribed, all told. I think the withdrawals by telegraph brought it down to practically five thousand. We offered a hundred thousand, you know. But let me go on with my story. I stood there in front of our street door in a kind of trance. The words of that Jew,—'Sell Rubber Consols at three-quarters!' buzzed inside my head, as if they would burst it open. I turned, and I happened to see my broker, the Scotchman,—Semple, you know,—coming along toward me. Right at that minute, like a flash, something dawned on me. In less than a second I saw the whole rotten outfit turned upside down, with me on top. I made a jump, and ran to meet Semple.

"'How many shares of ours have you bought?' I asked him, with a grip tight on his arm.

"The little chap was looking mighty sick. He figured it up rapidly in his mind. 'I'm afraid it's 8500 shares all told,' he said, in a sort of subdued whimper.

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"'Well, how would these gentlemen go about it to deliver their goods,—that is, supposing we got a settlement?'

"I asked him this, and kept my eye on his face. He looked puzzled for a minute. Then he put out his lip. Then he shot me a glance as sharp as a razor, and we looked into one another's eyes for a moment.

"—hanged if he didn't wink his eye at me"

"'They were shouting them out to me at three-quarters a minute ago,' I told him.

"He was on to the game like lightning. 'Wait for me in the office,' he whispered. "'We'll go nap on this!'

"With that he was off like a streak. He stopped running just before he got to the corner, though, and began walking slowly, sauntering along, you know, as if his mind was on nothing but second-hand books. I watched him out of sight, and then I went back, and up to the offices. The furniture didn't scare me a bit this time. Why, I stopped and felt of the brass railing just outside the Board room, and I said to myself, 'Pshaw! We could have you of solid gold, if we wanted to.'"

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He paused here and regarded his sister with what she felt was intended to be a significant look. She shrank from the confession that its meaning was Greek to her. "Well,—and what next?" she asked guardedly.

"Semple came back in twenty minutes or so,—and the next morning he was at it again,—and what with him and his jobber, by George, on the quiet, they picked up nearly eighteen thousand of our shares. Some they paid fifteen shillings for; some they got at twelve-and-six, and even ten. That doesn't matter; it's of no more importance than the coppers you give to crossing-sweepers. The thing was to get the shares,—and, by Gad, we've got them! Twenty-six thousand two hundred shares, that's what we've got. Now, do you see what that means?"

"Why, yes," she answered, with a faint-hearted assumption of confidence. "Of course, you know the property is so good that you'll make a profit on the shares you've bought far below their value. But I don't think I quite see——"

He interrupted her with an outburst of loud laughter. "Don't think you quite see!" he gurgled at her, with tears of pleasure in his eye. "Why, you dummy, you haven't got the faintest glimmer of a notion of what it's all about. The value of the property's got nothing in the world to do with it. That's neither here nor there. If there wasn't any such property in existence, it would be just the same."

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He had compassion upon her blank countenance at this, and explained more gently: "Why, don't you see, Lou, it's this way. This is what has happened. We've got what's called a corner on the bears. They're caught short, and we can squeeze them to our hearts' content.

"What,—you don't understand now? Why, see here! These fellows who've sold 26,000 of our shares,—they haven't got them to sell, and they can't get them. That is the point,—they can't get them for love nor money,—they must pay me my own price for them, or be ruined men. The moment they realize the situation they will begin offering a premium for Rubber Consols. The price of a one-pound share will be two pounds, then four—six—ten—twenty—thirty—whatever I want to drive it to."

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Louisa stared up at him with wide open eyes. It seemed to her that she understood now. It was exciting.

"You see," he went on, taking approving note of the new light of comprehension in her glance, "we did something that Tuesday afternoon beside buy up these shares. Semple rushed off to his office, and he and his clerks got up a lot of dummy applications for shares, made out in all the different names they could be safe in using, and they put these into the

"I MADE A JUMP AND RAN TO MEET SEMPLE"

bank with the application money,—Semple found that,—and next day he went and saw the advertising agent and the solicitor and the auditors, and got them to pool the shares that I've promised to give them. A pool? That means they agree to transfer their shares to me, as trustee, and let me deal with them as I like,—of course, to their advantage. In any case, their shares are vendors' shares, and couldn't be dealt with in this transaction. So you see the thing is hermetically sealed. Nobody can get a share, except from me, and at my price.

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"But these fellows that have sold them, they've got to have them, don't you see. They had their little temporary joke with me on the street that afternoon,—and now they must walk up to the Captain's office and settle. They've got to pay me at least half a million pounds for that few minutes' fun of theirs. I may make it a good deal more; I don't know yet."

"Oh, Joel!" she groaned at him, in awed stupefaction. His rather languid indecision as to whether half a million was going to be enough impressed her more powerfully than had any detail of his exciting narrative.

In a few comprehensive sentences he finished up for her what there was to tell. "This afternoon my Board met to allot the shares. They saw the applications, amounting in all to over 90,000 shares. It took their breath away. They had heard that things were going quite the other way with us. They were so tickled that they asked no questions. The allotment went through like a greased pig. About 5000 shares went to those who had actually applied for them, and 88,000 were solemnly given to the dummy applicants.

"Of course, there wasn't a whisper about these dummies. Nobody winked so much as an eyelash. But I've found since that one of the directors,—that Lord Plowden I told you about,—was on to the thing all the while. But he's all right. Everybody's all right. Of course, the dummies' shares still stand in their names,—on paper,—but in reality I've got them all in my safe,—in my pocket, you might say. They are really mine, you understand. So, now, there's nothing for us to do but to apply to the Stock Exchange for a special settlement date, and meanwhile lie quiet and watch the Jews stew in their own juice. Or fry in their own fat, eh? That's much better."

"But," she commented slowly, "you say there are no shares to be bought,—and yet, as I understand it, there are those 5000 that were sent out to the people who really applied. How do you explain that?"

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"Bravo, Lou!" he answered her jovially. "You actually do understand the thing. You've put your finger straight on the point. It is true that those shares are out against us,—or might be turned against us if they could be bought up. But, in reality, they don't count at all.

"In the first place, you see, they're scattered about among small holders,—country clergymen, and old maids on an annuity, and so on,—all over the country. Even if these people were all traced and hunted up, suppose it was worth the trouble and expense,—they wouldn't sell. The bigger the price they were offered, the more mulish they would be about holding. That's always the way with them. But even if they did all sell, their 5000 would be a mere drop in the bucket. There would be over twenty thousand others to be accounted for. That would be quite enough for my purposes. Oh, I figured all that out very carefully.

"My own first notion was to have the dummies apply for the whole 100,000, and even a little over. Then, you see, we might have allotted everything to the dummies, and sent back the money and applications of the genuine ones. But that would have been rather hard to manage with the Board. The Markis would have said that the returns ought to be made pro rata,—that is, giving everybody a part of what they applied for,—and that would have mixed everything up. And then, too, if anybody suspected anything, why, the Stock Exchange Committee would refuse us a special settlement,—and, of course, without that the whole transaction is moonshine. It was far too risky,—and we didn't send back a penny."

"It's all pretty risky, I should think," she declared as she rose. "I should think you'd lie awake more than ever now,—now that you've built your hopes so high, and it'd be so awful to have them come to nothing."

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He smilingly shook his head. "No, it can no more fail than that gas can fail to burn when you put a light to it. It's all absolute. My half million is as right as if it were lying to my credit in the Bank of England. Oh, that reminds me," he went on in a slightly altered tone,—"it's comical, but I've got to ask you for a little money. I've only got about seven pounds at my bank,—and just at the minute it would give me away fearfully to let Semple know I was hard up. Of course, he'd let me have anything I wanted, but,—you can see, I don't like to ask him, just at the moment."

She hesitated visibly, and scanned his face with a wistful gaze. "You're quite sure, Joel?" she began. "And you haven't told me,—how long will it be before you come into some of this money?"

"Well——"

He in turn paused over his words. "Well, I suppose that by next week things will be in such shape that my bank will see I'm good for an overdraft. Oh, Heavens, yes! There'll be a hundred ways of touching some ready. But if you've got twenty or thirty pounds handy just now,—I tell you what I'll do, Lou. I'll give you a three months' bill paying £100 for every sovereign you let me have now. Come, old lady; you don't get such interest every day, I'll bet."

"I don't want any interest from you, Joel," she replied simply. "If you're sure I can have it back before Christmas, I think I can manage to lend you thirty pounds. It will do in the morning, I suppose?"

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He nodded an amused affirmative. "Why you don't imagine, do you," he said, "that all this gold is to rain down, and none of it hit you? Interest? Why, of course you'll get interest,—and capital thrown in. What did you suppose?"

"I don't ask anything for myself," she made answer, with a note of resolution in her voice. "Of course, if you like to do things for the children, it won't be me who'll stand in their light, that's certain. They've been spoiled for my kind of life as it is."

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"I'll do things for everybody," he affirmed roundly. "Let's see,—how old is Alfred?"

"He'll be twenty in May,—and Julia is fourteen months older than he is."

"Gad!" was Thorpe's meditative comment. "How they shoot up! Why, I was thinking she was a little girl."

"She never will be tall, I'm afraid," said the literal mother. "She favors her father's family. But Alfred is more of a Thorpe. I'm sorry you missed seeing them last summer,—when they were home on their vacation,—but, of course, they didn't stop long with me. This was no place for them,—and they had a good many invitations to visit school-fellows and friends in the country. Alfred reminds me very much of what you were at his age; he's got the same good opinion of himself, too,—and he's not a bit fonder of hard work."

"There's one mighty big difference between us, though," remarked Thorpe. "He won't start with his nose held down to the grindstone by an old father hard as nails, or have any of the trials that I endured. He'll start like a gentleman,—the nephew of a rich man. That's a mighty big difference, Lou,—a mighty big difference."

"I'm almost afraid to have such notions put in his head," she replied, with visible apprehension. "You mustn't encourage him to build too high hopes, Joel. It's speculation, you know,—and anything might happen to you. And then,—you may marry and have sons of your own."

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He lifted his brows swiftly, as if the thought were new to his mind. A slow smile stole into the little wrinkles about his eyes. He opened his lips as if to speak, and then closed them again.

"Well," he said at last, abruptly straightening himself and casting an eye about for his coat and hat. "I'll be round to see you in the morning,—on my way to the city. Good-by till then."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"'THE BLACK LINE! I SEE IT COMING! SAVE ME FROM IT!'"

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By ANNA FARQUHAR *Pictures by* HENRY HUTT

TENTH CHAPTER

ONE crisp, exhilarating morning in the fourth week of her stay at Weecapaug, Louise walked down to the beach with her father, and after settling him comfortably among the Gull Rocks on the east beach in the sun, she rowed with Ol, who had joined them, over to the camp to prepare for a day's fishing. As they landed on the west side, Oliver remarked:

"Doc's gone up back again to see Ann Randall. She's dyin' sure pop this time. She's been doin' it fur forty year, an' folks got so's they wouldn't be dissipinted if she'd keep her word. She's worn 'em all out warnin' o' 'em. But Doc said he'd be back by eleven, an' that'll make the tide right to git back in. It's runnin' out turrible strong now, an' 'll be young flood far out by two o'clock, so's I 'lowed we'd take along some o' Mrs. Clarke's pie an' cake an' snaps, an' some o' them sickle pears I brung you the other day,—wa'n't they good to the taste?—an' we couldn't starve on that. I tole Doc to be sure'n bring you some o' them pep'mints from the store at the corners,—women folks al'ays does take to 'em. O' course you ain't like mos' women folks, an' yure tastes per'aps be diffurent in things to eat, but it's been my experience, even when folks has book learnin', an' knows 'bout everything, they's not much diffurent from other folks 'bout their stomics. Stomics don't seem to belong to no paticuler class o' folks." About Ol's eyes came the tiny wrinkles that were always forerunners of his laugh whenever anything amused him.

Louise was much amused at the idea of a social distinction between stomachs, and showed it by looking at Ol as if he were a smart little boy who must be treated indulgently, but not flattered on account of his precocity for fear of spoiling. She knew that to him there was no such thing as class distinction, as he said:

"Some folks be rich an' some folks be pore, but's far's I see, that's all the diffurence between 'em, an' I can't see's either way they's to blame fur what they be, 'cept fur principles,—they's only one class o' right principles,—all the others is wrong."

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Ol had his own weakness, too, which consisted of a self-important feeling general among those who know but one little spot on the great earth, and in that spot are prophets honored in their own country,—a variety of provincialism met with as frequently in city life as in the country. The summer boarders made more of Ol than did his neighbors, to be sure; they listened to his stories and opinions without enlightening his ignorance on many questions, simply because he amused them, and this attention from "city folks" elevated him in the estimation of Weecapaug natives almost to the point of jealousy.

As he prepared the lines, the net in which to carry back the fish, the bait and the lunch, he revealed a new side of his character to Louise, by telling her how many invitations he had to visit "city folks." "I'm acquainted with folks in all o' the big places," he went on. "Fur that matter, I'm knowed all over the world. I couldn't go anywheres where I wouldn't come up along o' friends. I'd like's not forget 'em, but folks comes up to me sayin', 'Why, Oliver, how're you,' no matter where I be."

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This was his little vanity, but it grated on Louise, who changed the subject by asking, "What if that old woman should really die this time? Would Doctor Layton remain up there?"

"Like's not," replied Ol, all the wrinkles appearing again. "But never fear, Ann ain't likely to die. I'll risk her dyin'. Doc says she's a hypercondercharacter, or some word similar. She just fairly killed off Charles, her man, by complainin'. He tole me once't he'd had 'nough hell on this earth fur one man, an' he wouldn't mind dyin', bein' good an' ready fur where he were goin', 'cordin' to Ann. If Charles had been a little more bashfuller than he were he'd been better off, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin'. You'd 'a' laughed yureself sick to 'a' heard Charles tell 'bout his weddin' day. He were that bashful before marryin' that if a girl'd as much's speak to him he'd turn his back to answer,—'tis the livin' truth I'm tellin' you,—an' nobody ain't ever found out how he got darin' 'nough to keep company along o' Ann. I al'ays cal'lated she did mos' the keepin' company herself.

"Well, when the marriage night came, the folks wus all at the house waitin' fur Charles, who didn't show up. Ann she was bilin' mad, an' 'lowed she'd have the law on him. So wus her brothers, an' they started cross lots after

him, keepin' the preacher an' the company waitin'. 'Bout a quarter o' a mile from the house, in a pasture, they come up with Charles settin' on a stone's white's a sheet, an' tremblin' same's a leaf. Dick Marsh started in to swear at him, an' ask his reasons fur slippin' up on 'em, but Charles he jus' set in to beg 'em to let him go home, sayin' he'd die if he had to marry a woman; he jus' couldn't go an' stan' up before all them folks, it 'ud kill him sure, an' he says he felt's though snakes wus runnin' all over him. But the Marsh boys jus' took him 'long between 'em, an' when Ann got holt o' him there wa'n't no backin' out.

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"Ann were al'ays masterful. Now, that makes you laugh, gurl, don't it? It makes me feel real good to see you laugh, fur you don't seem's though you wus used to it. Nothin' 'll make you plump up like a pattridge sooner'n laughin'. I mustn't be tadpolin' round here if we're goin'. I mus' get some more blue crabs fur bait. Set quiet an' I'll row up the Breach 'bout a minute in the skiff an' git some."

"May I sit in the boat while you are gone, Ol?" asked Louise.

"Yes, I don't see nothin' to hinder you," he replied, shoving off from the shore, pushing the light skiff along by a long oar as he stood looking down in shallow places for crabs. He was more picturesque when he wore the rubber boots, as he did that day. Louise watched his attractive back for a few moments as he moved along, then she was seized with an unfortunate purpose,—she would row a short way in the opposite direction toward the danger point on the bar, then when Ol turned around he would have "a surprise party" in seeing her row the large boat with both oars. She was perfectly certain she could do it after two weeks of practice with Doctor Layton in the boat. Mental relaxation had either enervated her judgment or brought the child in every woman to the surface.

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She untied the rope which held the dory to a lobster-pot stub and rowed off. The tide was running out so fast that the boat went of itself, without much help from her still awkward rowing. She was well down toward the mouth of the Breach when Oliver first caught sight of her, and she had made up her mind to turn about.

When Ol saw her he swore the only oath of his life. "God o' mercy!" he cried out. "She's lost! She'll never git back 'gainst that tide!"

He began to row as he never had before, not even in crossing the bar on a rough night. His face grew white beneath the tan, and perspiration broke out on his forehead. "My gurl! My gurl!" he said aloud. "She's done fur if I don't reach her!"

When she tried to turn about she realized what she had done,—that no strength of hers could ever put the boat back against the tide and wind. Her first thought was of her father sitting contentedly on the rocks. The thought gave her added strength. She bent it all on to backing water with the left and pulling with the right hand, but nothing she could do swerved the boat from its swift motion toward the heavy breakers.

Then she saw Ol coming and heard his voice calling to her, but she could not understand his words. Suddenly an engulfing wave of panic and despair swept over her, more dangerous than her situation. Had she remained quietly in the boat she in all probability would have floated out to sea, to be picked up by Ol or some passing vessel within a few hours, but this terror robbed her of all reason.

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She dropped the oars; one went overboard, and she fell on her knees in the bottom of the boat, calling "Oliver! Father! Oliver! Help me! Help me!"

There was no one but Ol in sight on land or sea. She saw him approaching rapidly, but a stronger feeling even than her faith in him was her growing terror of that black line of breakers she was almost into. In her panic she believed the boat would never ride them, and that her only course was to attempt to swim ashore. She had not swum a stroke for five years, but in the madness of the moment she threw herself into the water and struck out.

As Ol rowed forward with his long stroke he saw that she had abandoned the boat, and again he cried: "God o' mercy! Gurl! Gurl! I'm comin'!" He stopped to strip off his heavy boots, rowing with one hand while he tugged at the opposite boot with the other. Standing, then, in his stocking-feet, with no hat on and no color in his face, drawn tense with terror, he looked like a condemned spirit of himself.

When Louise felt her strength giving way she tried to float, but the heavy cape she wore fastened about her neck dragged her down, and she did not think of throwing it off. She felt herself slipping, sinking, falling, and gave one scream before she went down, calling "Doctor Layton!" as though he were her last hope. By the time she rose Oliver was near enough to lean over the side of the boat and catch her by her long hair, which had fallen down after her hat fell off. He pulled her up to the surface of the water, but as soon as she opened her eyes and saw him she threw both arms around him, overbalancing the weight of his body on the side of the light skiff, which turned over, sending him into the water beside her. He tried his best to throw off her arms, but she held him with the grasp of a maniac.

His cries alarmed them

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"Let go o' me, gurl," he implored, "an' Ol'll save you. Do you think I'd let you drown? Let go, I say!" but with no effect,—she was pulling him down, down into the depths, as their bodies were swept by the tide farther out to sea. He stroked along with his feet and kept them both afloat, but he had lost hope of their lives, when suddenly, her strength giving way, her arms unclasped themselves, and she fell back, either dead or unconscious, he knew not which.

Then he had to fight his way back with this body. The skiff had floated out beyond all possibility of aid from it. One of the long oars of the large boat was swaying back and forth near by, but he could not reach it. He grasped her by her cape and started to swim with his burden, having only the use of his feet and one arm. He made slow progress, but he knew that as long as his strength held out there was hope of rescue.

Professor Fremont, on his way back to the house for dinner, was loitering dreamily about on the east side of the Breach, when he saw what seemed like two bodies in the water. He hurried off for assistance into a summer cottage near by where two men at the rear of the house, out of view of the water, were mending a roof. His cries alarmed them, and they set off at once in one of the dories used by the cottagers.

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The Professor remained on shore because he could not row, and although he had no idea of the swimmers' identity, he paced the beach in suspense. Oliver was making some headway, but his strength was ebbing. He knew not whether it was a dead body he bore or the unconscious form of the woman who had grown to belong to his life during those few weeks of existence together. Whichever it was he must return her to those who had some right to love her. He struggled and bent his strength anew again and again, but the tide swept them back. He murmured to the body as he failed the last time. "My gurl! My white dove! What made you do it? Ol'd 'a' saved you! Don't you know it? Ol'd 'a' saved you. We'll go down together, but I'd 'a' died fur you, my white dove,—I'd 'a' died fur you."

And again he cried: "Gurl! Gurl! I'm comin'!"

He was losing all power of consecutive thought. He tried to swim, but could not move; the languor was coming over him. He felt himself going to sleep, and threw both arms around Louise, letting himself go, but as they began to sink the men grappled them and with great effort pulled them both into the boat.

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"Quit!" said one, a carpenter from Shannock. "It's Ol Peckham, sure's you're alive, an' the city gurl up at Stillman's. They're both unconscious. Lost their strength, I guess. She ain't dead, is she?"

"No," said the other, "I think she's got life in her yet. We're jus' in time an' no more. How'd they git out there, specially Ol? I don't see no boats. Lucky, ain't it, I brought down that whisky this mornin' 'gainst the ole woman's instructing. It's there ashore, an' it'll bring 'em round."

"Say, ain't that the father o' the gurl?" asked the first one.

"By Gum! if 'tain't! He'll carry on awful! Who's that drivin' down the road on the east side? Sure's anything it's Doctor Layton. Ain't that luck! Let's pull fur all we're wuth, git 'em ashore, an' he'll save 'em if they're to be saved."

Ann Randall had at last kept her word and gone in search of her bashful husband in the world beyond. This being the case, Doctor Layton had driven to the beach to say he could not go out fishing that day, but must return to the Randalls' cottage just as soon as he could get something to eat, for there was no one to attend to the funeral arrangements but the neighbors.

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He came down the east side to leave the horse he drove with the man to whom it belonged, and as he approached he saw two men in a boat rowing ashore, with Ol and Louise stretched out limply across the thwarts and on the floor, and Professor Fremont standing by almost speechless with fear and suffering as he recognized his daughter. His mind seemed confused beyond the possibility of coherent thought, for he turned to Layton as the latter jumped from the vehicle with a bound, demanding of him, "Billy Everett, can that be my daughter? What have you done to her?"

"She is all right, Professor," Layton replied calmly, while his heart beat almost audibly and his mouth went dry. "She has only fainted. Got brandy? whisky? any stimulant, men?" he asked. "She is reviving. Put Ol on the sand, and get brandy if you die for it!"

The men carried Ol up on the sands, a heavy burden, and laid him beside Louise, who was breathing faintly and had opened her eyes blindly, then seemed to lose consciousness again.

Professor Fremont knelt beside her as one distracted, smoothing her wet, matted hair in the familiar way, and begging Layton to tell him what he could do. Those who have been waited on all their lives are of little use in an emergency of any kind. The carpenter had run to his lunch pail for his whisky bottle; meantime Doctor Layton was called upon to show the decisive, effective action of the experienced physician when his mind was almost bewildered by the excited beating of his heart; but action is largely a question of habit, when the mind loses its full mastery. Layton's habit was to do for other people by nature and by profession. He worked over them both in every way he knew or could devise, directing the two laborers, who assisted him energetically. Ol lay in the last stages of suspended animation, as though he were asleep. Louise was conscious, but could not speak.

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With her it was exhausted nerves; she had fainted from excess of terror, but with Ol it seemed to be an extremity of exhaustion alarming to the physician. After a while Louise said feebly to her father:

"Father, am I very ill? My head doesn't ache; why do you rub it? Isn't that Doctor Layton's voice I hear? Did you call him in for me? It is very light in this room. Please pull down the blinds."

Layton bent over her, saying, "Go to sleep, Miss Fremont. We will pull down the blinds. You are getting better."

"I'm so glad to see you," she said sickly, trying to smile. "I always feel so much stronger when you are near me. What makes me so cold?" She held out her hand to him. He took it, rubbing the flesh hard between his own, and putting more whisky to her lips.

"I don't like that stuff," she said.

"Take it," Layton commanded. "This is no time for temperance discussions."

"Oh, I will if you wish me to," she replied, swallowing the whisky and relapsing into a dreamy half-consciousness.

The Doctor had sent off one of the men to Melissa's for a team in which to get Louise up to the house, and by the time she had fully recovered her senses the wagon arrived, containing Melissa, in a state of what she called "fluster."

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"Land o' love! What's all this about?" she called out. "Wa'n't them two 'nough growd up to 'tend to their-selves without drownin'? I tole her she'd go to the bottom rowin' round in them boats. What's the matter with Ol? Be he dead?" When she saw his still, unconscious face her tone changed to that awe of the dead common to humanity, irrespective of persons. She sat still on the high seat of the wagon, with her sunbonnet tilted back, looking down at Ol with dropped jaw and startled eyes. No one paid attention to her until she cried out:

"Ol ain't dead! I seen him wink one o' his winkers!" She jumped out of the cart and began to call him by name as she knelt on the sand beside him. Presently the little wrinkles began to appear about his eyes, and slowly they opened with a smile as he looked up and said faintly:

"I'm comin', Melissy. Don't tear yure hair,—bile down yure temper; I'm bringin' them's fas' as I can. Jus' wait a bit!"

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After a moment of puzzled looking about he sleepily remarked: "I 'low 'tain't reg'lar,—somethin's wrong,—I guess I'll go to sleep," and turning over on his side he went sound asleep, in which condition he remained several hours after the men had carried him up near the porch of the cottage, in the shade, where Doctor Layton sat beside him the entire time, watching and noting his pulse. Louise, before she was removed, recovered sufficiently to talk, but for a while not even questions could recall to her mind the cause of her present condition. Suddenly she grasped Doctor Layton by the arm and her face took on a look of horror.

"The black line! I see it coming! Save me from it!" and she threw herself against him, as though for protection. He took her into his arms, saying scarcely above a whisper: "I will not let anything hurt you, dear. What is it you see? Tell me while my arms defend you from it."

She seemed to grow conscious of him as an individual, without losing her horror of her vision, for a faint color came quickly to her face, which she laid against his shoulder out of his sight as she went on: "I see the breakers on the bar!—they are almost over me!—they are strangling me!—don't you feel them around my throat?—I feel the water and I see Ol,—I'm throwing my arms around Ol's waist,—he is falling,—then I can't remember,—where is Ol?" she asked, raising her head and looking anxiously around for him, as she lost the vision.

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"Lie down," said Doctor Layton, gently lowering her head on the pillow he had made of his coat, "and rest a few minutes more. You will see Ol after a while. We are going to send you home and put you to bed so that you will not take cold,—you got into the water somehow."

"Yes, and I called you to come and take me out, but you didn't come," she said like a child, as she looked to be, with her hair draggling about her shoulders and back, while on her face rested the nature of the woman stripped of its conventional habiliments of expression.

"I was not here, Louise. I could not hear you call. You know that I would have done my best had I known your danger, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed. Of course you would have. Everybody knows how good you are in such ways. You'd die for Ann Randall. How is she?"

"She is dead," he answered quietly. "Now come, I am going to carry you and put you in the team. Don't stiffen, and you will be a light burden." He raised her easily in his arms, motioning to her father to follow to get into the team.

"I feel so safe when you carry me," she said lazily. "Can't you carry me all the way? I never have anybody to lean on,—sometimes I get so tired and wish I could have somebody to hold me always,—just as you do now. You are so strong."

"If you would give me the right to hold you so, you would never feel that want again," he said against her ear, the man rising in him at her words.

"Oh, no; you couldn't," she replied. "I'm too big." At which the Doctor realized that the woman only expressed a human need without intending a personal application of her desire. He made no reply, but lifted her into the cart. His duty held him by Ol, who needed him, but it was with a wrench he turned to the latter after giving Melissa specific directions about the care of Louise, and speaking a few words of encouragement to her father, who seemed speechless.

The afternoon wore away, while Ol slept the sleep of the exhausted stretched on the sands in the shade of the porch. The men went on with their work, and Doctor Layton lay beside Ol, beginning to realize that he had tasted no food since early morning and what he had endured for many hours.

*

A physician is always more or less of a hero if he conscientiously practices his profession, whose duties include self-sacrifice and endurance as first requisites. This doctor ached all over from fatigue, but even to himself he would not confess it as, while lying there beside Ol, his mind lingered on the events of the last few weeks. All the rest of his life seemed to sink back into shadow beside the light of those weeks which stood out like the oasis overgrown with the food man craves most when he toils alone, and starving along the dry, parched sands of life. Merely to be able to care intensely for one individual gave him a new feeling about life. He swore at Fate for not permitting him to save the life of this woman, who, even with her critical, reserved nature and morbid search for the ideal, he had to admit had become more to him in so short a time than any other woman had ever been.

He thought of her slender white hands as they had clung to him that day, and of her unusually white teeth as she smiled up at him, and of her white skin, so smooth and exquisite beneath her dress waist, unfastened for freedom in breathing. Everything about her was white and spotless to his mind, even the spirit which claimed his attention last,—for he was only a man, a man of this world, not of the next, nor of the last.

She seemed to him the most beautiful creature ever created; it never occurred to him that there could be a difference of opinion on that point simply because he loved her.

*

Men of his kind surrender unconditionally, without analysis or critical reservations, and that is the love worth giving and having, because it throws a glamour over life, hiding the ugly spots and raising the object of such devotion by its very idealism to an elevation approximately high and beautiful. It makes a good woman better to be loved that way, and some thoroughly debased women have been lifted entirely out of themselves in the attempt to grow toward a semblance of their image as reflected in a lover's eyes. Love cannot be wasted. It is man's momentum imparted by his Creator as the chief force in mortal evolution, both spiritual and physical. Love moves the multitude and the individual, from race to race, along the path that leads direct to God, of whom this power is the most convincing symbol.

Doctor Layton never knew why he loved Louise Fremont, and never cared to know,—he simply loved her as men do even in this day, when people are portrayed as holding their impulses and affections under a microscope and dissecting them at will. Louise Fremont was in search of an ideal; Everett Layton created his own, the only possible way of securing that which does not exist. So Layton lay, thus thinking and wondering how much she knew or meant of what she had said to him that day as he carried her to the team.

"Poor girl!" he thought. "I suppose what she said was the truth. Even the most independent women like the protection of a man,—certainly her father has never given her much of that, and there can't be any one else, from what she said."

*

"Doc, what be you doin' there?" said Ol from beneath the heavy coats thrown over him.

"Hello, old man! Come to life, have you!" replied Layton, immediately on the alert. "How do you feel?"

"Kinder crazy, I should say," replied Ol. "Have we los' our senses, layin' round on the sand same's summer boarders? What's all them coats over me fur?"

"See if you can sit up," replied Layton.

"Set up! What d'you take me fur? Ann Randall or a new-laid chick?"

He sat up scornfully, but with surprise he was soon glad to lean against a post near by.

"What the name o' tarnation's the matter o' me? I feel's oozey's a dyin' gander."

His eyes fell upon the waters of the Breach and the perspiration broke out on his forehead simultaneously with that sudden look of terrible remembrance Louise had shown. "Where's the gurl?" he demanded with eager horror. "Be she drowned?"

"No, Ol; she's all right. She has gone up to the house," replied Layton. "Lean against me and tell me what happened. Will you take some whisky to keep up your strength?"

"No, I won't," replied Ol sternly. "You'd ought to know better'n to offer me that stuff, Doc."

"Very well," said Layton, putting down the bottle. "What happened?"

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Ol looked up at Layton. "I saved her fur you, Doc."

"Thank you, Ol," replied Layton. They looked at each other a moment, then Ol began to tell what occurred. His remarkable physique asserted itself now. As he told the story of the accident, the carpenters joined them to listen, and his circulation came up as he exerted himself until, by the end of the narrative, he stood on his feet.

"Them fool women!" ejaculated one of the carpenters. "al'ays throwin' theirselves round fur men to pick up's though 'twas a joke."

"Don't say nothin' 'tall 'gainst that lady, Jake Aldrich, or I'll show you somethin'. 'Twa'n't her fault one bit," said Ol.

"Be still, Oliver," said Layton. "Don't you know Jake saved your life by going out in the boat for you?"

"Give us yure han', Jake. I'll make it all right with you," replied Ol.

"I didn't mean no offense 'bout the lady," said Jake.

"No, of course you didn't," replied Layton. "She never would have done that had she known the danger. Now, boys, help me get Ol over to the camp, and we'll change his clothes."

"Don't want no help," said Ol, walking off with a vigor only possible to so perfect an animal, considering his late condition. "Can shift my own clothes. Doc, he's jus' glad o' a chance to make out I'm a baby." But as they crossed in the boat used in the rescue, he was glad to lean against Layton's knee as he sat in the bottom, with the strange complexion of a mulatto who has turned pale.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE BREAKER

The Discovery of a New Talent

By BARRY PAIN *Drawing by* J. L. PRESTON

"Sorry I was so clumsy," I said; "you had better ring, and have this rubbish cleared away"

IN APPEARANCE he was about as commonplace as other people,—a middle-aged man, inclined to portliness. As the train moved on he discussed commonplace subjects with me in a commonplace way. I should not have been surprised to have been told that he was a stock broker or a solicitor, or that he was engaged in the tea trade. In the course of our chat something happened to be said about curious occupations.

"Well," said my companion, "I do not suppose that there is any more curious occupation than my own. I am a breaker."

He had not at all the appearance of a man used to horses; but I suggested, "A horse-breaker, you mean?"

"No," he said, "just a plain breaker. A man who breaks things, breaks anything that requires to be broken; gets his living by breaking things that anyone wants broken."

I glanced nervously at the communicator, though he looked even less like a lunatic than he did like a horse-breaker.

"I see," he said smiling, "that I must explain. When I left Cambridge, with a classical degree, no prospects, and no influence, I looked about for a profession. I found everything overcrowded; besides, none of the professions appealed to me at all. I like to travel about a little, and I enjoy social life. I like talking,—talking to any one. I hate work of any kind. This being the case, I looked about me to see if there was not a chance for some new profession; if among our million wants there was not one that was not already supplied.

"The idea came to me by accident. I was stopping at my uncle's house, when he received as a present from his wife's brother a singularly ugly but very valuable pair of Oriental vases. His wife's brother was frequently in my uncle's house, and therefore these abominations had to be displayed. I heard him grumbling about this. I suggested that he should sell them. The idea was, of course, absurd; he told me so. Nor, he said, could he break them himself, for his wife's brother would never forgive him; nor could he ask his wife to break them, because, although he has been married fifteen years, he felt that he did not know her well enough; nor could he ask the servants to break them, for that would encourage carelessness and thriftlessness on their part.

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"'That is all right,' I said. I rose from my place and smashed the vases, one after the other, on the floor. 'Sorry I was so clumsy,' I said; 'you had better ring, and have this rubbish cleared away.'

"He rang, and told the servant that I had broken them accidentally. When she had gone he said, without a smile, 'It seems rather a pity.' I said, 'I am short of ready money. Could you lend me five pounds?' He wrote me a check for twenty, and said that I was a useful man to know of. Then I said, 'Recommend me to your friends,' for already I saw the possibility of my future profession. He mentioned me to some half dozen people he knew, some of whom I had never seen in my life before. They sent me invitations to their houses, and indicated the objects on which I was to operate. In my first week I broke, I remember, a lamp shaded like an owl, an oil painting, a tea service, and a dining-room table."

*

"But an oil painting," I said. "How does one break an oil painting?"

"It is simple enough," he said. "I first of all undid the wires so that the picture fell; then, in picking it up, I put my foot through the face. It was a portrait of my host's wife's aunt. It was more difficult to break the dining-room table. I recollect that it became necessary for the purpose to invent a somewhat boisterous form of round game. Even then we had to play it for three evenings before the legs came off. When I left this house my host handed me a check, and promised to recommend me to other people. I never advertise, and I have more breaking to do than I can possibly find time for. If I could find a young man with plenty of tact, I would take him as an assistant."

"It must need some tact," I suggested.

"It does, indeed. It so often happens that I am employed by the husband without the knowledge of the wife, or by the wife without the knowledge of the husband. Even with the utmost tact one gets one's self disliked, but that I must put up with. The other day one of my clients asked me to come to his house to break a dinner service. I dined there, and made myself as pleasant as I could, and told several good stories. But then I also broke the dinner service, or most of it, and it was one to which my hostess was much attached. She said to him afterward, 'I will never have that brute in my house again!'"

"And what did he say?"

"He said, 'I fully agree with you, my dear. To the best of my belief, the man was drunk. If he had not been the son of an old college friend I should never have asked him at all.' That was a little mean; but then, it was necessary for him to cover himself in some way, and as I never break a dinner service under twenty-five pounds, I received some solatium for the indignity."

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"Have you got any engagements at present?" I asked.

"Yes," he said; "I am going to one now, but it is a trifling thing, requiring no tact at all. Had I an assistant I should have sent him. I am to go the day after a wedding reception, when the presents are being packed. Those which, from their ugliness or worthlessness, are not worth packing up and sending to the bridegroom's distant home, have been placed on a separate shelf. I shall upset that shelf and accidentally stamp on anything which is not broken in the fall. The job won't take five minutes, and I get three guineas for it. I am doing it for the bridegroom without the knowledge of the bride. Men begin to deceive women very soon, I find."

"I have," I said, "one or two little objects in my own home which——"

But at this moment the train entered Victoria Station, and though I managed to complete my sentence, and my companion said that he would be glad at any time to oblige me or my friends, in the confusion of our arrival I neglected to take his name and address, or to give him mine.—Black and White.

* * *

EBB TIDE

THE tide slips from the harbor's mouth,
The rugged reefs stretch far away,
The tangled grasses lightly sway,
And a faint odor of the South
Comes stealing in across the bay.

The ships, like phantoms, lie asleep;
They wait the turning of the tide,
And ere the dawn will safely glide
To the broad bosom of the deep,
Beyond the surf's unceasing chide.

When in our hearts the tide is low,
When blackened reefs of old despair
Rise to our view, we need not care;
The tide returns; at morn we go
To sunlit seas and skies more fair.

—Poems.

ARTISTS WITH SPECIALTIES

PAPER No. II

DOLPH AND HIS CATS

By George Henry Payne

IT WAS Friday night at the Salmagundi Club. The man who paints landscapes that you never recognize, —an "impressionist" of the most virulent type,—had just "missed," and left the cue ball "frozen" to the side.

The quiet man, with the brown beard and the whimsical eye, chalked his cue, banked his ball, and gracefully caromed with position.

The onlookers smiled their approval. "Almost as easy as painting cats, ain't it, Dolph?" commented one.

The cat-painter bunched the balls, and, without stopping, answered quietly:

"No, not quite; but almost as easy as selling them."

And if you were an artist, and had painted canvases until your studio was a storeroom, and purchasers had become so rare as to lead you to believe that art appreciation was dead, you would think that was clever. And in addition to its cleverness, there is certainly a great deal of truth in the retort.

It is Dolph's way. Quiet and complaisant enough ordinarily, when he has something to say he says it with the added force of a forceful personality, though not the force of an outburst. His dry voice, easy smile, slightly cynical, and calm but sharp glance are a sort of muffling that add sweetness to the deathly certainty of the blow.

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And yet there are few artists who are personally more popular with every class than James H. Dolph, for he has the magnetism of person that makes friends, a fund of humor that amuses, and a strain of intellectual seriousness that interests them. And though, if you know him well, you will catch in his conversation a cynical note or two, it is cynicism of a negative quality,—it is the cynicism which saves from sentimentalism, which is a very fine kind of cynicism; for it is a cynicism with human friendliness at its root.

Perhaps you have guessed already that this is an open-work description of a satirist. And Dolph is a satirist,—a satirist more of the Oliver Wendell Holmes than of the Thackeray type,—and that is one of the many interesting sides of his art.

A man whose work is strong in its pathos must be a man of heart; but a man whose strength is in satire must be a man of mind as well; his heart is his safeguard. People rather rarely look at Dolph's pictures in this light, for there are other and preponderating qualities in his work. If it were not for the titles that he gives them they would never think of them as satires at all, for they are satires of animal, not of human, life.

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To hark back to that difficult billiard shot,—that is Dolph's forte. He does difficult things so gracefully that they appear easy. But painting cats is by no means "easy." When the artist's pictures first began to have a vogue, crop after crop of imitators came up,—to go down again. What Dolph knows about his cats to-day, and what makes his pictures so interesting, is the result of a quarter of a century of study, first in the beginnings of art, then in animal painting in general, and finally in his specialty of to-day. No wonder imitators have failed,—when they have not studied as he has.

Always your animal painter is a man of extreme sensibility. It could not be otherwise. The love of animals is a great key to character. Men who paint dogs may love them, but it doesn't always follow,—as in the case of Johannes Fyt. But a man who paints cats grows fond of them, sees more and more of their picturesque quality, and appreciates more that quality of "kittenishness" which has amused more than one really great man.

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"When did you paint your first cat?" I asked Mr. Dolph one occasion.

"Some time in '73 I had a little monkey of a cat in the studio. She was rather pretty, and,—people say cats are not affectionate, but this one was. She would curl up alongside of the easel, and wouldn't move until I was through my painting. In those days I was painting almost any animal but the cat. I had studied particularly the horse, and had some thoughts of being a "horse painter."

"One day I was getting ready for an exhibition of my works which was to come off in a couple of weeks. I wanted another picture, and was sitting down thinking of it, when puss came out of the far room arching her back, stretching her legs, and curled herself up in her favorite position alongside the easel.

FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

J. H. DOLPH

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"Just the thing," I said, and began my picture. I painted in some cushions and things that had rather a good 'quality,' but otherwise I didn't care much for the picture. Had it not been for the fact that I happened to have a frame that just fitted the canvas, I would not have sent it. I didn't think the picture would sell, and was much astonished when it brought a rather big price. Then, too, the comments made on it were most flattering.

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"I was pleased, of course, but not too expectant, and the immediate sale of some more pictures of that same model was also something of a surprise. I put more study in the work after that, and soon found that I could sell all the cat pictures I could paint."

It hardly seems possible that the artist you meet to-day, a man of a sturdy frame, bright and almost youthful eye, was born sixty-four years ago. Judging merely from his looks you would say he was no more than forty-five.

"Is it exercise?" I asked Mr. Dolph.

"No; hardly exercise," he replied.

"What then?" I persisted.

He shrugged his shoulders, much amused, which was as good an answer as any, if not the best. Dolph is not one of the nervous men who worry. Always full of vigor and ambition, he had faith in himself,—which did not prevent him from having faith in others. And so, when he found that something that he wanted to do he could not do, he gave it up, not worryingly, but with determination. If there be anything that characterizes the young artist, it is his supersensitiveness and regard for his dignity. With Dolph, though:

"When I was studying art, which was over forty years ago, there wasn't very much chance to sell a beginner's picture. I was obliged to support myself, and I didn't bother myself with trying to carry all the dignity of the United Arts. It wouldn't have been appreciated, anyway, in Cleveland, which was then a small town, connected with the rest of the world only by stage-coach and lake steamers. I had a sign on my door:

PAINTER

and people would come in and ask me to paint almost anything. I did occasional portraits, but my principal art work was the decorating of furniture. On one occasion I did a thirty-five foot decoration for the saloon of a lake boat, and once was glad to get sleds to put scrollwork and snow scenes on."

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Naturally, the young artist gravitated to New York. In the West he had studied and sketched the American Farmer, and he had hoped to do in a minor way for America what Millet has done for France.

The pictures had a fair success, but not enough to satisfy him, and, as a great deal of praise was bestowed on the animals in his pictures, he went to Holland and began studying animal painting under Van Duyck, who was particularly strong in the painting of horses. He returned to America, and again met with but fair success, until he painted his "first cat." In popularity and fame Dolph's cat pictures are second only to Brown's bootblacks, though from the technical side Mr. Dolph's work ranks much higher. His long studies in different branches of painting have given him artistic strength. In what the painters call "qualities,"—the representation of textures,—he is particularly successful. When he puts one of his cats on a piece of velvet, you rather feel that it is velvet and not just a lot of blue paint. And in his pictures you will see not infrequently rather beautiful color schemes. In Europe Henriette Ronner's cats are as famous as Dolph's are in America, but the French woman does not always succeed in giving to her animals that intelligent and almost humanly whimsical look which makes so many of Dolph's pictures amusing.

"Even outside of all suggestions of nocturnal visitors, it is natural that one would think there was a limit to this cat painting."

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"Limit!" and Mr. Dolph elevated his eyebrows in mild surprise. "To the painting of cats there is no end, I sometimes think. You see, you are an unenlightened human being, and very much in the condition of mind of the man who sang 'all Cohens look alike to me.' Now, you wouldn't think of saying that a portrait painter painted the same thing over and over, and yet that is the usual idea of cat painting. Seriously, there is such a thing as individual expression in cats, and where most people find monotony, one who has studied the animal sees variety. Why, and there's the manners of cats. Most of my models are, I assure you, born and bred Chesterfields. I painted a tramp cat once; here it is," and he drew out a picture of a really vagabond specimen; "but it didn't sell, and I have restricted my labors to the upper class ever since."

In the cat life of New York Mr. Dolph has an enviable place. His personality has made

MR. DOLPH'S WORKROOM, WHERE HIS FAMOUS PICTURES ARE PAINTED

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article, Dolph and His Cats, is the second in the POST'S series of Artists With Specialties, by George Henry Payne. As planned at present, the series includes:

I—Woolf and His Waifs,	December 17, 1898
II—Dolph and His Cats,	December 31, "
III—Brown and His Bootblacks,	January 14, 1899
IV—Mosler and His Peasants,	January 28, "

him popular, and there are qualities in his art that appeal to painters,—not such a very common thing, and one which is a great satisfaction to an artist. When one considers that to his purpose the artist brings a high technical accomplishment, one readily sees the reasons for his reputation.

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Apropos of his own careful manner is a remark that he made the other day,—it is worthy of repetition,—to the effect that a certain prominent American painter, who handles the brush most dexterously, and who has pupils to the numbers of Saul, has yet to paint his great picture.

"And his pupils,—they are all masters before they have completed their preliminary studies."

True, not only of these pupils, but of many others. They paint like masters too soon. And they might find their lesson in Dolph's life,—his long apprenticeship to his art, his thoroughness, and his understanding of what he does.

"What became of your first model?" I asked.

"Ah, it was very sad. After I had painted her portrait, she evidently felt that she had been wronged, for she took to wandering, cultivated a decided taste for moonlight rambling, and eventually disappeared."

It is at his country place that Dolph keeps his models. There they roam about, come and go as they please. "I have rather given up the idea of having a favorite," he said. "I used to have them, but they strayed off, were stolen, or something happened to them."

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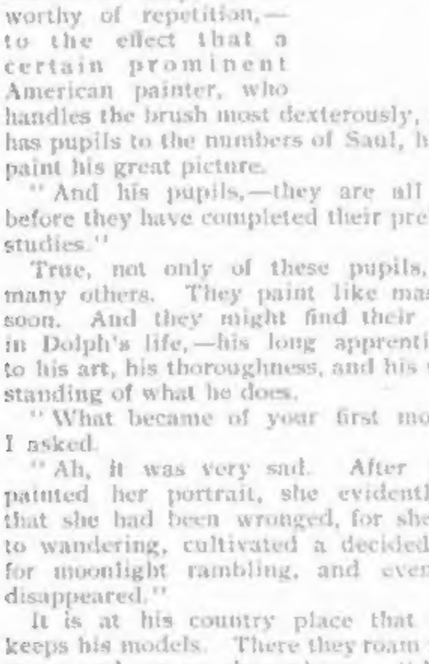
During the four months he spends in the country the artist accumulates a number of sketches, made rapidly whenever he sees a cat in a position that interests him, or whenever they suggest a "composition" in their antics. Sometimes, with a picture in his mind, he studies and sketches for days, and some graceful picture of cats lolling about, that looks "easy," like that billiard shot, may be the outcome of a month's study.

If, after studying Mr. Dolph's pictures, you have not had enough of the slumberous grace and picturesque beauty of puss, you should go talk with the artist, and learn more of Sir Richard Whittington's best friend.

"Cats," said Mr. Dolph, "are far more interesting than dogs, because of their independence and their very weaknesses. Madame de Custine wrote Buffon a long defense of the free spirit of the cat, and, when you think of the abuse that the felines were subjected to during the Middle Ages, there is good reason for their following in the truckling footsteps of the dog.

"Then the cat was generally regarded with superstition. Shakespeare makes it the companion of witches in Macbeth, and Napoleon



NAST'S CARTOON OF DOLPH

was once frightened almost to death by one. On the other hand, the great Montaigne was very fond of his cat; Marshal Turenne played with cats for hours; Lord Heathfield often walked with them on the walls during the siege of Gibraltar; Richelieu, Rousseau, Doctor Johnson, Isaac Newton, Cowper and Tasso had favorite grimalkins."

A STUDY

"Have you read Champfleury's work on Les Chats?" I asked.

"No."

"He is the Boswell of cats. He says that an admiration for cats is generally united with a love of the odd and the bizarre," and I glanced about the studio, with its curious cabinets, its collection of musical instruments, arms, etc. At one time Mr. Dolph's studio was one of the "show places" in the city. The artist smiled. "Hokusai, the great Japanese artist, has painted some interesting cats; and then, in our day, there is Lambert and Ronner."

"And that early century Swiss, with the curious talent,—Gottfried Mind," I added.

"Yes, I know his work. Curious how the Greeks abused the cat. Alexandrides, the Rhodian poet, was very militant in his abuse, and Theocritus speaks scornfully in The Syracusans of a slave as a 'cat.' The Greeks believed that Apollo made the cat as a satire on the lion. Whereas the Egyptians—ah!" and Mr. Dolph looked satisfied, "the Egyptians! They believed that the cat was sacred, and raised temples to her, and even to-day there are homes for aged and infirm cats in Egypt. The Cat-god was on a par with other gods, and once a Roman was put to death for some indignity offered the sacred animal,—probably tying a tomato can to its tail."

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"And you remember," I added, trying to keep up with his knowledge, "that Diodorus Siculus says, that when 'one of them died, it was wrapped in linen, and after the bystanders had beaten themselves on the heart, it was carried to the Tarichrea, where it was embalmed with cuedria and other substances, after which it was interred in the sacred monuments.'"

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Dolph, as he shook his head regretfully, "Those were great days. Would I had lived then!"

If he had lived in those days he would most surely have been even greater than Rameses II.

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THE FOUR WINDS

By Charles Henry Lüders

WIND of the North,
Wind of the Norland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear stars,—
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films,
And blur the casement-squares with glittering ice.
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands,—
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
And let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains,—
Blow moist and cool across the wastes of brine,
And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose,—
Over magnolia glooms and lilied lakes
And flowering forests come with dewy wings,
And stir the petals at her feet and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

—The Dead Nymph.

BEFORE THE BATTLE

THE BUSINESS LIFE

PRACTICAL TALKS BY PRACTICAL MEN

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When a Self-Impressed Youth Starts Out

THE whole secret of success is contained within this compass of a few plain words, writes Rafford Pyke in the New York Commercial Advertiser. In starting out in life, put instantly aside all immediate thought of your own dignity and your own superiority, of your own exceptional gifts, and of the brilliant possibilities which you think exist within you.

You may be just as superior as you think you are, and even more brilliant than you believe yourself to be; but no one else is going to know it until you have done something to make this evident.

What you really want is a chance to begin, to get in touch with human beings who are already established, and who are in a position to discover merit, to reward it, and to give it the opportunity which it deserves. Moreover, however brilliant you may be, and however great may be your native gifts, there is always, whether in business or in a profession, a certain technical experience that is necessary before your brilliancy and your gifts can be made to tell.

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The young man from the business college may have learned the art of keeping books and of being an expert accountant; yet when he gets a place with some particular firm the system in use there is very likely to be an entirely different system from the one that he has learned; and while in the long run his training may be helpful, at the first he must just be a beginner like the rest, and must expect to make mistakes and have fault found with him, and to learn that no one whatever is in reality important.

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE THRONE

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In like manner the young person who has, perhaps, been the exchange editor of a little school monthly or who has even been contributing to a local newspaper, and has written nice little essays which he has read before a literary club, must not expect to walk magnificently into the sanctum of an editor and ask for a five-thousand-dollar a year position upon that editor's paper or magazine. He must be very thankful if he gets a chance to do the meanest kind of scrub-work at space rates or on a salary of seven dollars a week; and if he is fortunate enough to get this salary he ought to do about five hundred dollars' worth of work a week, for, while the position is not a permanency in his life, it is an open door, an opportunity, a basis for something better. Yet this is just what so many beginners fail to see.

A STUDY

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Dishonesty an Expensive Thing in Business

FOR the benefit of any of the young and rising generation who may have imbibed the notion that the proper way to get rich in business is by resorting to tricks, we want to emphasize the truth that it pays to be honest, says the Merchants' Journal.

A firm that tries to palm off a swindle is liable to ruin the reputation of an entire neighborhood, or even a whole State or country. A few years ago the United States had a large share of the cheese trade of the world. Then a few cheese-makers concluded that they would get rich faster by selling "filled cheeses." As a result, Canada captured a good share of the cheese trade that originally belonged to the United States.

A short time ago some millers concluded that it would be a smart thing to adulterate their flour by mixing in cornmeal, which wasn't bad, and then some others decided that they could do better by mixing in ground gypsum. Other dealers used clay,—Carolina clay. The chances are that there wasn't one barrel of flour in a hundred made in the United States that was adulterated, but that one in a hundred hurt the other ninety-nine. In several foreign markets American flour is regarded now with suspicion, and every honest flour-dealer in the United States is bound to suffer on account of a few rascals.

Some few years ago several shippers, who ought to have been in the penitentiary, shipped diseased meat to Europe, and the Kansas hog has not yet recovered from the slam on his reputation. Foreign potentates, who don't like us any too well to begin with, have pronounced the American hog unclean and refused him admittance to their respective Kingdoms. The United States has spent millions of dollars to prove that the hog is all right, and the fight isn't over even yet.

In the long run it pays to be square.

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Destined to be Great

THE shipping clerk kept his rubber stamps in a big, deep box on a shelf near him, says the Furniture Journal.

"Where they are handy," he said.

But the errand boy was looking for an opportunity to make himself invaluable, so at noon, while he was "in charge" of the works, he drove small nails into the partition in such a manner that each rubber stamp could be hung separately on two nails. An impression of the stamp was then made upon a small slip of paper, and this slip was pasted above each stamp.

The appreciation of the shipping clerk was shown when he said this arrangement saved him at least an hour's work every day.

Some day that errand boy will be the proprietor of a business so systematized that he will not grow prematurely old with worry.

A STUDY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN, Editor

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Living Life Over Again

DURING a terrific storm a few years ago a ship was driven far out of her course, and, helpless and disabled, was carried into a strange bay. The water supply gave out, and the crew suffered agony of thirst, yet dared not drink of the salt water in which their vessel floated. In their last extremity they lowered a bucket over the ship's side, and in desperation quaffed the beverage they thought was sea-water. But to their joy and amazement the water was fresh, cool and life-giving. They were in a fresh-water arm of the sea, and they did not know it. They had simply to reach down and accept the new life and strength for which they prayed.

Man, to-day, heart-weary with the sorrow, sin and failure of his past life, feels that he could live a better life if he could only have another chance, if he could only live life over again, if he could only start afresh with his present knowledge and experience. He looks back with regretful memory to the golden days of youth and sadly mourns his wasted chances. He then turns hopefully to the thought of a life to come. But, helpless, he stands between the two ends of life, yet thirsting for the chance to live a new life, according to his bettered condition for living it. In his blindness and unknowing, he does not realize, like the storm-driven sailors, that the new life is all around him; he has but to reach out and take it. Every day is a new life, every sunrise but a new birth for himself and the world, every morning the beginning of a new existence for him, a new, great chance to put to new and higher uses the results of his past living.

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The man who looks back upon his past life and says, "I have nothing to regret," has lived in vain. The life without regret is the life without gain. Regret is but the light of fuller wisdom, from our past, illumining our future. It means that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday. This new wisdom means new responsibility, new privileges; it is a new chance for a better life. But if regret remains merely "regret," it is useless; it must become the revelation of new possibilities, and the inspiration and source of strength to realize them. Even omnipotence could not change the past, but each man, to a degree far beyond his knowing, holds his future in his own hands.

If man were sincere in his longing to live life over he would get more help from his failures. If he realizes that he wasted golden hours of opportunity, let him not waste other hours in useless regret, but seek to forget his folly and to keep before him only the lessons of it. His past extravagance of time should lead him to minify his loss by marvelous economy of present moments. If his whole life is darkened by the memory of a cruel wrong he has done another, if direct amends is impossible to the injured one, passed from life, let him make the world the legatee to receive his expressions of restitution. Let his regret and sorrow be manifest in words of kindness and sympathy, and acts of sweetness and love given to all with whom he comes in contact. If he regrets a war he has made against one individual, let him place the entire world on his pension list. If a man make a certain mistake once, the only way he can properly express his recognition of it is not to make a similar mistake later. Josh Billings once said: "A man who is bitten twice by the same dog is better adapted to that business than any other."

There are many people in this world who want to live life over because they take such pride in their past. They resemble the beggars in the street who tell you they "have seen better days." It is not what man *was* that shows character; it is what he progressively *is*. Trying to obtain a present record on a dead past is like some present-day mediocrity that tries to live on its ancestry. We look for the fruit in the branches of the family tree, not in the roots. Showing how a family degenerated from a noble ancestor of generations ago to its present representative is not a feast; it is an unnecessary confession. Let man think less of his own ancestors and more of those he is preparing for his posterity; less of his past virtue, and more of his future.

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When man pleads for a chance to live life over, there is always an implied plea of inexperience, of a lack of knowledge. This is unworthy, even of a coward. We know the laws of health, yet we ignore them or defy them every day. We know what is the proper food for us, individually, to eat, yet we gratify our appetites and trust to our cleverness to square the account with Nature somehow. We know that success is a matter of simple, clearly defined laws, of the development of mental essentials, of tireless energy and concentration, of constant payment of price,—we know all this, and yet we do not live up to our knowledge. We constantly eclipse ourselves by ourselves, and then we blame Fate.

Parents often counsel their children against certain things, and do them themselves, in the foolish hope that the children will believe their ears in preference to their eyes. Years of careful teaching of a child to be honest and truthful may be nullified in an instant by a parent's lying to a conductor about a child's age to save a nickel. That may be a very expensive street-car ride for the child,—and for the parent. It may be part of the spirit of the age to believe that it is no sin to cheat a corporation or a trust, but it is unwise to give the child so striking an example at an age when it cannot detect the sophistry.

Man's only plea for a chance to live life again is that he has gained in wisdom and experience. If he be really in earnest, then he can live life over, he can live life anew, he can live the new life that comes to him day by day. Let him leave to the past, to the aggregated thousands of yesterdays, all their mistakes, sin, sorrow, misery and folly, and start afresh. Let him close the books of his old life, let him strike a balance, and start anew, crediting himself with all the wisdom he has gained from his past failure and weakness, and charging himself with the new duties and responsibilities that come from the possession of his new capital of wisdom. Let him criticise others less and himself more,—and start out bravely in this new life he is to live.

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What the world needs is more day-to-day living; starting in the morning with fresh, clear ideals for that day, and seeking to live that day, and each successive hour and moment of that day, as if it were all time and all eternity. This has in it no element of disregard for the future, for each day is set in harmony with that future. It is like the sea-captain heading his vessel toward his port of destination, and day by day keeping her steaming toward it. This view of living kills morbid regret of the past, and morbid worry about the future. Most people want large, guaranteed slices of life; they would not be satisfied with manna fresh every day, as was given to the children of Israel; they want grain elevators filled with daily bread.

Life is worth living if it is lived in a way that is worth living. Man does not own his life,—to do with as he will. He has merely a life-interest in it. He must finally surrender it,—with an accounting. At this New Year tide it is common to make new resolutions, but in the true life of the individual each day is the beginning of a New Year if he will only make it so. A mere date on the calendar of eternity is no more a divider of time than a particular grain of sand divides the desert.

Let us not make heroic resolutions so far beyond our strength that the resolution becomes a dead memory within a week; but let us promise ourselves that each day will be the new beginning of a newer, better and truer life for ourselves, for those around us, and for the world.

—THE EDITOR.

In the Twilight of Poetry

THE taste for poetry is becoming a lost accomplishment. A generation or two ago a familiarity with the poets was so general as to have an appreciable effect on the thought and diction of the age, and even on what Mr. Turveydrop would call the deportment. I do not mean to say that no one reads poetry nowadays, and with still less propriety could I imply that no one writes it; but the general tendency is away from poetry, rather than toward it.

It is the age of fiction. The revival of interest in the romance, especially in the historical romance, has called out a school of writers who have returned to the traditions of Dumas and Sir Walter Scott, and, although the romantic novel seems to be produced almost spontaneously, the demand is never quite filled. The young authors who are devoting their talents to writing of this kind are conspicuously successful. Almost without exception, they have evolved a delightful style, and they tell their stories with an ease and dash that are captivating. Some of these romances, dealing as they do with the most picturesque episodes of history, are veritable prose poems.

Now and then a volume of poems does appear that compels attention. It may be widely read and quoted, but it is a sporadic manifestation, and only serves to emphasize the fact that there are exceptions to the general rule. Kipling's The Seven Seas struck an entirely new note, and made its own place in literature, but it is doubtful whether any others than those who were already possessed of a fondness for poetry, for its own sake, could be counted among its readers.

Since the passing of the elder generation of American poets, whom have we to take their places? There was a time in England when Tennyson, Swinburne, Landor, the Brownings, Rossetti, were all writing at once; now, but a solitary note is heard, here and there.

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During the Civil War, poems and songs were struck out, in an intensity of feeling, which for their fire or pathos were quoted and sung throughout the length and breadth of the land. I know of one enterprising person who, from the time the Maine was blown up until the end of the war with Spain, collected every scrap of verse that was printed in celebration of that momentous theme. In several instances the inclusive idea of these poems was good, and the workmanship was generally up to a uniform level of excellence, but the lyric cry, the burst of genuine feeling, were absent.

It may be said, of course, that taste grows by what it feeds on, and that if really great poetry were produced, the number of readers would increase in corresponding ratio. Even so, there are always the old standard poets to fall back upon; but, in these days, even they lie in neglect. Our fathers and grandfathers stocked their library shelves with Hume, Gibbon, Carlyle, Thackeray, Scott, Fielding, Defoe, but there were also places for Tennyson, Campbell, Praed, Landor, Burns, Byron, and others of the same goodly company. It is incredible, but nevertheless true, that many people of rather more than the average education know Edgar Allan Poe only as a writer of weird and thrilling short stories. If they do chance to be familiar with any of his poems, it is almost invariably The Raven, The Bells, or perhaps Annabel Lee.

It is an amusing pastime, if one doesn't mind laying himself open to the charge of undue priggishness, to gather some statistics in regard to the knowledge of one or another of the poets possessed by the general run of people one happens to meet. In the course of such an inquiry it was found that to three or four Nathaniel Parker Willis was merely a name, to the majority he was not even that; one young woman, college bred, who was teaching English, knew his poems by name, but not by actual acquaintance; and the last person questioned replied with bored nonchalance, "Oh, yes; he was a stuffy old poet, wasn't he?"

The final test is the commercial one. The sale of books of poetry is so small that publishers groan at the sight of a manuscript of verse, and it is with the greatest difficulty that they can be induced to send it to their readers. Consequently, most of the white and gold, rose and bowknot editions are published at the undaunted poets' own expense.

It is said that the half-gods go when the gods arrive. For the present, whatever the reason may be, the half-gods seem to have taken up a permanent habitation with us.

—M. S. MCKINNEY.

The Growing Dread of War

THE decision of the French Government to withdraw Major Marchand from Fashoda relieved the strain of a situation which was fast becoming intolerable. Whenever the possibility of war between two great nations is faced, it is interesting to note the hush of expectation which falls on the world, and the extreme reluctance with which the necessity of making an appeal to arms is admitted.

So closely have the different countries been brought together, that disturbance in any quarter involves general disarrangement; and the distaste for war has apparently kept pace with the sense of its danger to society. Men dread war to-day because their interests are so interwoven the world over that a conflict is like a brutal rupture of the very frame of society; they dread it because it is impossible to foresee the changes of condition it will effect and the new responsibilities it will impose; and they dread it because the growth of neighborliness between nations throws its essential savagery into bolder relief.

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The Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany, the survivors of the great war lords of the past, and the heads of the most powerful military organizations in the modern world, have both proclaimed themselves the custodians of peace; for the recent speech of William III, in Jerusalem, was not less definite than the now famous declaration of Nicholas IV. Notwithstanding the host of armed men who stand behind these sovereigns, there is no reason to doubt their sincerity when they declare that their most earnest endeavor is to keep the peace of the world. The peace of the world is still at the mercy of those outbursts of passion which show that the fires which once devastated society are not yet extinct; but the responsibilities of modern nations have sobered them.

They are not less courageous, but they have heavier burdens to bear. Risks that were once faced with a kind of passionate delight are invoked with the deepest reluctance to-day. The world is older, and the man does not fight for the fun of it, as the boy was tempted to do; and the world cannot forget its burdens. The extension of the influence and activity of the great Powers into the less civilized part of the globe has an important bearing on this growing determination to keep the peace. If that expansion creates new dangers of collision, it brings with it a steadying power of immense and increasing weight. England faces France in the Soudan, Germany in South Africa, and Russia in China and on the Indian frontier, and every point of contact between these great Powers is a point of danger; but the fact that perils are so many, and responsibilities so great, commits England to a policy of peace.

It is clear that nothing short of absolute surrender of principle or loss of territory will reconcile the English people to war. And this is true even of Russia, where there is no public opinion and an immense military establishment. There are evils in expansion which are patent to all observers, but there are gains so great that they outweigh the evils.

—HAMILTON W. MABIE.

The Equality Theory in Courtship

THE attempt of certain doctrinaires to enforce equality upon an unequal world meets the line of absurdity when extended in the direction of the natural gifts, such as the predilection for music, painting and poetry. Even the wooliest Legislature would scarcely pass a law compelling publishers to accept the literary contributions of the illiterate at the rate accorded to genius with a reputation, and, in its wildest of vote-seeking flights, Congress is not likely to decree that the picture entered by the aspiring house-painter shall be hung in the salon on a line with the work of masters.

We have, indeed, heard from time to time that a musician may be made, if not born, but investigating persons have generally discovered that the proponent of the theory was a teacher more anxious for pupils than for the conservation of art. It may be safely prophesied that the utmost efforts of all the equality doctors will never make one first-class voice to grow where none has grown before.

Should the earnest devotees of equality by main strength enter the domain of romance, the result might be even more fantastic. In that realm, where the beauty of woman reigns supreme over a subjective class, happy and patriotic in its enslavement, the "accident of birth" is an imperious force. Beauty, in spite of all the arts of fashion, must be born.

One can fancy, however, that the professors of equality, who have attempted to square mediocrity with genius and apathy with ambition, would not leave the field without a fight. Unable to alter the decrees of Nature, they might try to shift the point of view by elevating the plain woman to the pinnacle of a heroine, and making a hero of the man who should love her for the qualities she had missed.

In the halcyon literature of such an effort to establish the romantic equilibrium the proposal of marriage might be something like this:

"I have long sympathized with your misfortunes. With a progressive warmth of heart I have seen with what patience you have borne your exceeding plainness of person in a world which, unfortunately, can see no beauty but in the beautiful. I have, believe me, also observed that, in addition to your other deficiencies, your character of mind is not such as to afford you any considerable degree of compensation. I can scarcely conceive of one to whom an honest man's helpful heart should turn with more hope of conferring benefit or of eliminating some of the injustices of life than to yourself. Therefore, in loving recognition of what you are not and never can be, I offer you my heart and hand."

The doctors of equality might possibly convert the world to the belief that their self-sacrificing hero would put forth such a proposal, but could they ever convince us that their heroine would accept?

—FRED NYE.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY.

The Arrival of the POST

The Actual Cost of Negotiating Peace

The Post has already given careful estimates of what the prosecution of the war has cost the American government, and has noted the gainful results. The cost of negotiating peace is an interesting expenditure by way of contrast.

While much of the detail is a confidential matter between the Government and its Commission, it may be stated that the cost estimated on an employment of ninety days will be about $200,000.

Commissioners Day and Reid will receive fees of $25,000 each, Commissioners Davis, Frye and Gray, being United States Senators under annual salary, will receive only a daily allowance for personal expenses. Secretary Moore will receive $20,000 for his documentary work, and about $20,000 is allowed for formal entertainments.

Personal allowances aggregate $1025 per day, of which each Commissioner receives $150; Secretary Moore, $75; Assistant Secretary McArthur, $50; Disbursing Officer Brumbaugh and Chief Translator Rodrigues, $25 each, the interpreters, stenographers and other attaches, $100 a day each; and the messengers, $5 [illegible]

Becoming Acquainted With the Enlarged American Family

The world will soon be in possession of a fuller and more accurate knowledge than it has ever had of the actual condition of those parts of the earth that have recently become American territory or passed under American control.

A project looking toward the [illegible] of a bureau of information, to be established by the Department of State, relative to the industrial, and other economic interests of Hawaii, as well as on its immediate needs, Robert P. Porter has already submitted a report on the commercial outlook in Cuba, and will supplement it with others, in addition to similar reports on Porto Rico.

Edward W. Harden is now studying the financial situation of the Philippines, and several officers in Admiral Dewey's squadron are preparing reports on their natural resources.

Dr. Henry K. Carroll, who had charge of the compilation of religious statistics for the Eleventh Census, is in Porto Rico, investigating the religious, educational, and industrial interests.

Doctor Rosseau, of San Francisco, has been assigned to investigate the diseases prevalent in Cuba and Porto Rico. Sanitary conditions in Havana and other parts of Cuba were quite fully detailed by the lamented Colonel Waring shortly before his death.

A Plea for Our Naval War College

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Allen has made a strong official plea for the transfer of the Naval War College from Newport, Rhode Island, to Annapolis, Maryland, and for making its curriculum a post graduate course for the Naval Academy, to which, however, officers already in service should be admissable for special advantages.

This technical naval school, with its allied torpedo station, never received the favor in official circles that it deserved. Even when Captain Mahan, the expert on naval strategy, was at its head, so little was thought of its practical usefulness that its abandonment was proposed more than once.

Now, when the naval commander requires a much wider range of technical training than ever before, and actual war has admirably demonstrated the prowess of our officers under old systems, Congress will be quite sure to approve of all advanced methods of training, and to place itself in full accord with the popular sentiment that there's nothing too good for our Navy.

Why Costa Rica's President Pays America a Visit at This Time

For the second time in a year the United States has been visited by the Chief Executive of another Republic. President Dole, of Hawaii, came for a purpose that was clearly understood at the time, and as an indirect result of that visit Hawaii is now a part of the United States. President Iglesias, of Costa Rica, came ostensibly in quest of health, at any rate, it is reasonably certain that he had no Annexation bee in his bonnet. Though protesting that his visit had no political significance, President Iglesias was popularly credited with an important mission in connection with the construction of an interoceanic canal.

Reaching Washington a few days before the meeting of Congress, in which the Panama and two rival Nicaragua canal companies have a particularly strong interest, his visit was significant to others if not so admitted by himself.

The United States Government is believed to be anxious for the execution of the Cardenas Menocal agreement for a canal along the Nicaragua route, and Costa Rica has national rights that are involved in its construction. These rights relate to Costa Rican territory, and the Republic therefore claims a voice in the final negotiations.

Electric Lighting From Railroad Car Axles

An interesting experiment is about to be tried by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad, which proposes to equip one of the cars of its limited trains between Chicago and Los Angeles with electricity generated from the car axles, and also to supply the locomotive headlight from the same source.

Each car will have a separate plant, consisting of a dynamo and storage batteries, and the full train will have an electrical equipment equal to over 4000 candle power, exclusive of the locomotive headlight. These trains will be the longest solid axle lighted ones in the world, and the first to carry so large a lighting service derived exclusively from the car axles. The length of the run between the two cities exceeds 2200 miles.

American Capital Given a Cordial Invitation to China

An invitation has been extended to American capitalists, by the Municipal Council of Shanghai, China, to submit proposals for concessions covering valuable franchises for telephone and electric railway services in that city.

The concessions will carry with them not only the right of construction, but also of operation for a period of thirty years. The railway will have a length of twenty three miles, and the estimated cost of construction is about $15,000 per mile.

Despite our exclusion legislation, progressive Chinamen have been anxious for years for a fuller employment of American capital and skilled labor in the development of the Empire. Excepting the Brice syndicate, however, American capitalists have become quite shy of Chinese concessions, since Great Britain and Russia have been brought almost to the brink of war because of them.

Connecting America With the Siberian Railway

With all her alertness on matters concerning the success of her great trans Siberian railway, Russia has been singularly inactive on the policy of connecting the extreme terminus of the road with the American continent.

Other people quickly saw that large advantages were possible in a new direction of transcontinental and oceanic traffic, and prepared to secure them. As a result, foreigners have already established three new steamship lines, having Vladivostok terminal point.

The American Japanese line has for its western terminus San Diego, the most southern port of California, and will be operated in connection with the Atchison Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad. Its steamers will call regularly at Honolulu each way.

The English Canadian line working in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, will have western terminal at Vancouver and Victoria, and will draw on the northwestern part of the United States for much traffic, especially in grain and lumber.

A third line belongs to the North German Lloyd of the Bremen Steamship Company and will be operated in connection with the railroad systems touching San Francisco or Los Angeles, as is yet to be determined.

Vermont Seeking Millionaire Citizens

The lower branch of the Vermont [illegible] has passed a bill, inspired by Governor Smith, that is a decided curiosity in American legislation. Doubtless noting the efforts of the assessors of Westchester County, New York, in the last two years, to force the largest tax payments possible from the millionaire property owners in the county, Governor Smith made a bold bid for the emigration of overtaxed people of more than ordinary wealth to his state.

The bill framed to meet his thrifty views provides that the Board of Tax Assessors be authorized to make [illegible] with wealthy non residents, who will move to Vermont and agree to reside there for at least thirty years, to the effect that only a reasonable tax will be imposed on them, and that the tax once fixed will not be increased during the period of the contract.

An Anglo-American Alliance in the Sultan's Realm

Under treaties between the United States and Turkey, citizens of the [illegible] country are accorded the right to travel freely and reside anywhere in the domain of the latter.

This privilege was recently nullified by the Turkish Government by refusing to grant the customary passports to a party of American missionaries bound from Constantinople to Harpoot, the principal centre of the Armenian atrocities of 1895 6.

In the absence of protective papers, the British legation joined the American in providing a special escort for the missionaries, and the party was conducted in safety on its journey of seven hundred miles.

The action of the Turkish Government was prompted by the pressure the United States is putting against it to force compensation for the losses sustained by the missionaries during the period of the massacres.

The World Watching the United States Senate

The American Peace Commissioners having practically fulfilled their mission, there now devolves on the American Senate a task far greater than any it has had before it in more than thirty years. In some respects, it is the most important that has ever been submitted to the attention of American statesmen.

Vast and unexpected results have been gathered tentatively from the exigencies of the war. The law makes it necessary that two thirds of the Senate must concur in the act that alone will make permanent the work of the Commissioners. Vitality to the American demands can only emanate from an accepted treaty of peace.

The Spanish Cortes cannot possibly avoid a ratification of the treaty. What will the American Senate do? That body is pervaded by a strong anti expansion sentiment. Whether that sentiment is sufficiently potent to defeat ratification can only be judged from later developments.

Non concurrence would place the country in a most lamentable situation, and raise questions of a gravity at present inconceivable. The world certainly expects us to retain the fruits of our victory. Eager eyes now rest on the American Senate.

Great Financial Combinations Carried Through During the Year

A remarkable feature of the last half of the year 1898 in the United States was the attempted and completed consolidations of unusually large financial interests and the formation of syndicates with enormous capital for various industrial enterprise.

Much of the reported capital action was grossly exaggerated, but the amount of money that sought employment in new or enlarged fields of legitimate investment was of astonishing proportions.

The consolidation of several banks in Boston is noted as an economic measure. The Brice Chinese railroad syndicate, capitalized at $50,000,000, is an accomplished and operating fact. Three syndicates, offering to construct an interoceanic canal at a cost of from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000, testify to the abundance of ready money.

Among other notable transactions, undertaken or completed, were the incorporation of an iron and steel company, capital $200,000,000; consolidation of tin plate interests, capital $50,000,000, Black Diamond railroad project, capital $30,000,000; linseed oil combination, capital $35,000,000; attempted silverware trust, capital $30,000,000, sugar refining combination, capital $75,000,000, opposition sugar syndicate capital $100,000,000, plug tobacco trust, capital $75,000,000, and two opposition tobacco syndicates, capital $10,000,000 and $60,000,000.

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TOLD AFTER DINNER

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Losing His Understanding

A RUSSIAN peasant having gone to the town to lay himself a pair of new boots, fell asleep by the roadside on his way home, and was stripped of his cherished boots by a light fingered tramp, but his sleep remained unbroken till a passing wagoner, seeing him lying half across the track, shouted to him to "take his legs out of the way."

"My legs?" echoed the half aroused sleeper, rubbing his eyes. "Those legs ain't mine. Mine had new boots on!"

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A Homœopathic Cure

A PHYSICIAN and his friend were standing on the street corner of a Virginia town where they were spending a few days, says Short Stories. Their attention was amusingly arrested by the sight of an old darky belaboring the flanks of a mule in a vain persuasion to make him move on. At last the doctor was appealed to.

"Say, boss, I'll give yo' five dollahs ef yo'll make dis liver mule go."

With a sly wink, the physician opened his case and took out his hypodermic syringe, filled the needle with an acid, and sent it into the hindquarters of the mule. The effect was magical. With a wild plunge the mule went tearing down the street, with the darky after him, the bystanders roaring with laughter. A short time afterward the darky, dust covered and panting, approached again.

"Say, boss, how much was de wuff of dat stuff yo' done squirt in dat mule?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "about ten cents."

Down went the darky's hands in his jean pockets. He fished out two dimes.

"Hyah, boss, ant twenty cents. I wish yo'd squirt twice as much of dat stuff into me, 'cause I'se bound to catch dat mule."

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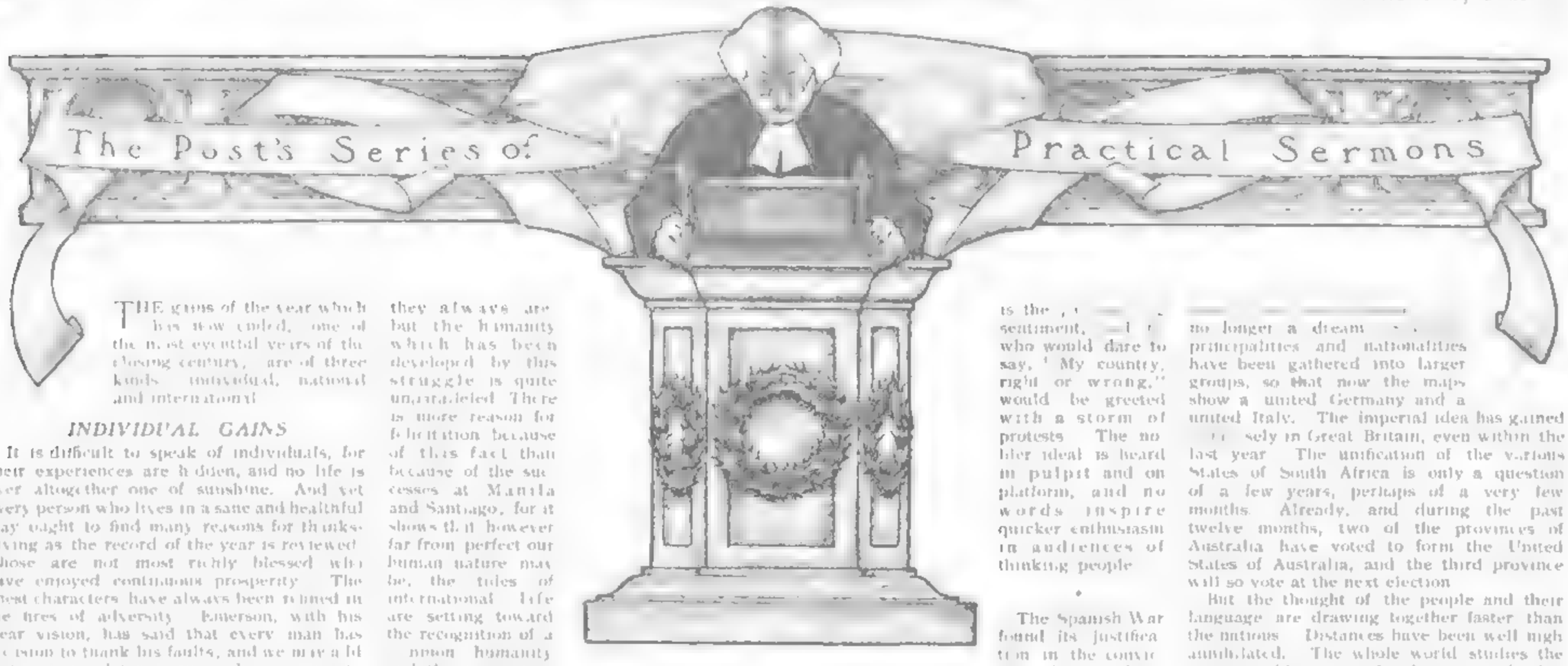
An Interested Listener

AT A DINNER party not long ago a certain young gentleman (an enthusiastic golfer) started in with the shellfish to enumerate to his partner the details of a match that he had been playing that day, says W. Van Tassell Sutphen in the Independent.

It was not until the pudding was brought on that he suddenly bethought himself that he had been doing all the talking. Indeed, the young lady had not said a single word during the entire progress of the meal. It was possible that she was not interested in the subject; incredible but still possible.

"I am afraid that I have been boring you with this talk of the shop," he said in half apology.

"Oh, no, not at all," was the polite response. "Only, what is golf?"



What the Year Has Brought Us

By Rev. AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D.

With decoration by J. J. GOULD

THE gains of the year which has now ended, one of the most eventful years of the closing century, are of three kinds—individual, national and international.

INDIVIDUAL GAINS

It is difficult to speak of individuals, for their experiences are hidden, and no life is ever altogether one of sunshine. And yet every person who lives in a sane and healthful way ought to find many reasons for thanksgiving as the record of the year is reviewed. Those are not most richly blessed who have enjoyed continuous prosperity. The finest characters have always been refined in the fires of adversity. Emerson, with his clear vision, has said that every man has occasion to thank his faults, and we may all feel that sooner or later every one has occasion to be grateful for his limitations and chastisements. The way by which we rise is always slow and painful, but the process itself is as great a blessing as that to which it leads. When we realize that our lives are plans of God, we will continually rejoice.

If, as the old year ends and the new begins, there is one person who feels that no advance has been made, either something is wrong with that person, or the shadows have not yet risen high enough above his path to permit even an indistinct glimpse of the goal toward which he is surely moving.

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The Psalmist sang: "Let the people praise Thee; let all the people praise Thee!" And all the people have reason for praise. The glory of mountain and forest, the tender glow of the sunset skies, the soft splendor of the stars, the harvests, the ministry of friends, the secret intimations of higher companionships, the discipline by which our eyes have been opened, the ability to rise on our dead selves to higher things, the knowledge which comes by growth,—all these are causes of gratitude. Some of these blessings have touched every individual. Some "accent of the Holy Ghost," some hint of the finer realities, some note of the Heavenly harmonies,—at least for a moment,—has made music in every heart. We may not be able to interpret one another's experiences, or to speak with detail of what we have possessed or lost, but every one has some reason to praise God for His goodness, either in the silence and darkness, or in the light and the day.

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NATIONAL GAINS

But the special gains which distinguish this year are national. The clouds of war have passed; the last low reverberations of its thunders, let us hope, have died in the distance; while peace once more, like the smile of God, rests on the land. A great triumph has been achieved, a triumph which cannot be estimated by battles won, but must be measured by the changes for the better which are following the success of our armies. Such victories as those of Dewey, Sampson and Schley, such deeds of daring as were witnessed at San Juan Hill, may well make the blood flow more swiftly in the veins of all true Americans; and yet, after all these victories are not the greatest of our blessings. The greatest gain of all the year is the fact that one war has been fought in which generous feelings have been more prominent than passion.

Among the soldiers, who were largely young men, there has been the consciousness of a ministry for humanity that was sublime. The spirit which was manifested on both sides has shown that the old barbaric age has nearly passed. It was a noble thing for Admiral Cervera to send word to our fleet that Hobson and his men were safe; and it was equally noble for Captain Evans to refuse Captain Eulate's sword, with a tribute to the bravery of its owner. For years to come the words of Captain Philip to his men at Santiago will be an inspiration in the common struggle against barbarism.

In the midst of the carnage a hitherto unknown revulsion against war has appeared. The bloodshed, the sickness, the needless death have been too awful for description, as they always are; but the humanity which has been developed by this struggle is quite unparalleled. There is more reason for felicitation because of this fact than because of the successes at Manila and Santiago, for it shows that, however far from perfect our human nature may be, the tides of international life are setting toward the recognition of a common humanity and the realization of the noblest brotherhood of man.

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During the last year we have learned to forget many things, and that also is a blessing. It is as essential to our welfare that we forget, as that we remember. After thirty years the chasm between the North and the South has been closed. The "bloody shirt" has been buried out of sight. We have forgotten the animosities engendered by the Civil War. The commissions of Fitzhugh Lee and "Fighting Joe" Wheeler were granted by one who was arrayed against them in the former strife. The blue and the gray have fought side by side in the common cause of humanity, and once more we know no North and no South, no East and no West. The day of sectionalism has closed, let us hope, never to dawn again.

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And we have actually begun to lay aside our prejudices against "our kin beyond the sea." We are forgetting George the Third and Lord North, but we still remember Edmund Burke and Lord Chatham. We have forgotten that Mr. Gladstone distrusted the Republic in the dark days of the early sixties, but we cannot forget that the good Queen never lost her faith in the cause of the Union. At last those among the nations who most belong together are actually getting together. At the celebration of the Fourth of July in Seattle, Washington, an English regiment from Vancouver, British Columbia, marched in the procession, while the regimental band played The Red, White and Blue, and its soldiers cheered the Stars and Stripes as if they were born under its folds. That was prophetic.

North and South alike are forgetting that they were once enemies, and remembering only that they have a common history and a common destiny. And those who speak the same language on both sides of the sea, and around the world, are realizing that they belong together, and that, if they move together, peace and civilization cannot possibly be permanently disturbed.

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There is another and closely related gain in our national life which I venture to call patriotism. [illegible] which manifests itself in cheering and glorifying America is cheap and easily aroused. It may co-exist with diabolical selfishness. That has largely given place to a finer and truer spirit which has faith in our mission and which believes in the exaltation of our institutions because the world has need of what they alone can contribute to civilization and progress. Of the patriotism which says "America for the Americans" we have had too much, but of that whose motto is "America for the sake of the world" there can never be too much.

During the past year the growth of this larger patriotism has been swift and constant. Only twelve months ago the suggestion of national unselfishness was scouted, and the assertion that that could never be right for the nation which is wrong for the individual was received with sneers, now it is the [illegible] sentiment, [illegible] who would dare to say, "My country, right or wrong," would be greeted with a storm of protests. The nobler ideal is heard in pulpit and on platform, and no words inspire quicker enthusiasm in audiences of thinking people.

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The Spanish War found its justification in the conviction that we have a duty to the world. Enthusiasm for the flag, as the symbol of a vast dominion without soul and without moral purpose, is less common than one year ago, while such devotion to country as is akin to religion is taking its place. The flag symbolizes not a mighty, soulless force, but freedom to think, freedom to act, freedom to worship, and consecration to the highest brotherhood of man. This is the larger patriotism, and it has had a new birth within the last twelve months.

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INTERNATIONAL GAINS

When our eyes reach beyond our own land, and survey the world, with much that is ominous and dreadful, the horizon appears bright and full of promise. A summer sky may be more splendid because of the thunderheads which sullenly flush their fires in the face of the sun; and the glory of this year may be only enhanced by the clouds about Fashoda and the far East.

The area of barbarism is diminishing. That is what the partition of China and Africa, and our possession of the Philippines, actually means. Japan is largely civilized. China is being roused from her sleep of centuries; Egypt is already awake. Never before in her history did she have a larger or, probably, a better population.

The heart of the Dark Continent is beginning to feel the thrills of civilization, and the year that is ending has witnessed the most remarkable of these changes.

The partition of ancient nations may seem to be cruel wrong, but often it is the only way in which light can be made to penetrate their closed frontiers. Considered in their larger relations, even schemes of conquest have proved a blessing to the world.

The most remarkable strides toward universal peace since the Advent have been during this year. I do not forget that at this very moment the Powers are clearing their decks for action; that the so-called civilized world is little better than a magazine of dynamite, which a single spark may explode. Two illustrations are sufficient. The most warlike nations in the world are Russia and Germany. The Czar of Russia has issued a pronunciamento in favor of disarmament. Whatever inspired that remarkable message, its publication is a fact. It is not a mere "truce of the Bear"; it is the confession by the Czar that war is a failure, and an acknowledgment that the nations ought to find some more effectual and better way of settling their difficulties.

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The Emperor of Germany has recently visited Jerusalem. In the Holy City he spoke the noblest words which ever fell from his lips when,—practically though not nominally,—he indorsed the Czar's message in behalf of peace.

For the sovereigns of the two most warlike nations to confess the failure of war and their longing for disarmament, is a cause for congratulation such as few years in the world's history have ever known.

They presage that day when nations shall learn war no more—

"Down the dark future, through long generations
[illegible] grow fainter, and then cease
And like a bell with solemn sweet vibrations
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'

"Peace and no more from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

A still more inspiring reality is beginning to appear. The world is becoming one. We have talked about a united world, but to-no longer a dream [illegible] principalities and nationalities have been gathered into larger groups, so that now the maps show a united Germany and a united Italy. The imperial idea has gained [illegible] sely in Great Britain, even within the last year. The unification of the various States of South Africa is only a question of a few years, perhaps of a very few months. Already, and during the past twelve months, two of the provinces of Australia have voted to form the United States of Australia, and the third province will so vote at the next election.

But the thought of the people and their language are drawing together faster than the nations. Distances have been well nigh annihilated. The whole world studies the same problems, reads the same books, thinks the same thoughts. The walls of division between the nations are going down, and the dream of a united world is not more chimerical than was the idea of a united Germany at the beginning of the century.

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These facts and more quite as significant, show that a new and better social and political order is making visible progress among the nations. The influence of Christianity cannot be measured by the number of its converts. Spiritual arithmetic is required to compute the results of its ministries. It is permeating institutions and transforming society in regions where proselytes are few.

Invisible missionaries find welcome and audience in lands where missionaries in the flesh would find scant courtesy. The kingdom of God is the sublime goal toward which the nations and the world are moving. The year that is now drawing to a close has witnessed a long advance toward the full realization of this Divine ideal.

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THE GAINS OF THE YEAR

The gains may be summarized as follows. Individuals are reminded of blessings which may have been masked in shadows, but which have left characters nobler, hearts purer, and endeavors more consecrated.

We have had a baptism of blood, and many of our noblest and best have found graves in tropical jungles and in the silent spaces of the deep; but the victories came, and the darkness of the struggle was illuminated with a finer humanity and a more generous spirit than has been known in any other war; while the people have learned that even nations have a protective and a redemptive mission, and that brotherhood is the larger patriotism.

When the eye looks beyond our nation it sees that lands of darkness are being permeated with new light and new life, that the most warlike sovereigns are confessing the failure of war; that the world is swiftly becoming one in spirit as well as in interest and effort; and that the kingdom of God is slowly but surely hastening toward its full and glorious consummation.

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WISDOM OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST THINKERS . . . .

Compiled by Fanny Mack Lothrop

THE INCOMPLETENESS OF CHARACTERS.—Many build as cathedrals were built,—the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars toward Heaven, the turrets and spires, forever incomplete.—H. W. Beecher.

THE PROBATION OF THE GREAT.—The road to eminence and power from obscure condition ought not to be made too easy, nor a thing too much of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all rare things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The temple of honor ought to be seated upon an eminence. If it be open through virtue, let it be remembered, too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.—Edmund Burke.

THE BLIGHT OF SUSPICION.—Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness; he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt. It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourselves have suffered. Men who are once persuaded that deceit will be employed against them sometimes think the same arts justified by the necessity of defense. Even they whose virtue is too well established to give way to example, or to be shaken by sophistry, must yet feel their love of mankind diminished with their esteem, and grow less zealous for the happiness of those by whom they imagine their happiness endangered.—Dr. Johnson.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The sermons in the Post's series represent practical unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. This sermon, What the Year Has Brought Us, was written especially for the Post by Dr. Bradford. Some of the sermons which have already appeared in the series are:

XI—Force of Enthusiasm,	by Archdeacon Farrar,	Aug.	27
XII—What is Your Ideal in Life?	by Hugh Black, A. M., D. D.,	Sept.	3
XIII—The Making of Character,	by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis,	Sept.	10
XIV—Religion in Daily Life,	by Very Rev. John Caird, D. D.,	Sept.	17
XV—Courage in Common Life,	by Lewis O. Brastow, D. D.,	Oct.	1
XVI—The Courage That Overcomes,	by Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	Oct.	8
XVII—Making a True Home,	by Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.,	Oct.	22
XVIII—The Need for Constant Prayer,	by Rev. A. J. F. McClure, A. M.,	Nov.	5
XIX—A Man's Work in the World,	by Rev. Louis A. Banks, D. D.,	Dec.	3
XX—What the Year Has Brought Us,	by Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D. D.,	Dec.	31

POEMS OF THE OLD YEAR

The Best Poems in the World

Decoration by F. X. Leyendecker. Drawing by John H. Betts

IX. THE CLOSING YEAR

By George D. Prentice

'TIS midnight's holy hour, and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,—
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous,—and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of midday, and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the Northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiads, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void,—yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

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LXI. THE CLOSING SCENE

By Thomas Buchanan Read

WITHIN the sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dun waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further and the stream sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew,—
Crew thrice,—and all was stiller than before;
Silent till some replying warden blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy martens of the eves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
All now was sunless, empty and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail;
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo in the distance to the cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders moved their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistledown, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by,—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel and, with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow. He had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke with her the ashen crust,
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume,—
Regave the sword to rust upon the wall.

Regave the sword,—but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty its dying blow;
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped,—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

AT LAST THE THREAD WAS SNAPPED,—
HER HEAD WAS BOWED;

EDITOR'S NOTE—During the year 1899 the POST will continue its department of the World's Best Poems. As heretofore, these poems will be selected because they touch the heart, and are filled with human interest. This series will be admirably illustrated by the leading illustrators of the day. The aim of the POST is to give its readers not the best from the standpoint of the ultra-literary man, but such poems as appeal to all that is best in human nature, such poems, in short, as one cuts from a newspaper or periodical and carries in the pocket-book until they are worn through at the creases. Where possible a sketch of the poet's life will be given, with the story of what inspired the poem.

POOR RICHARD'S

For the year of our Lo

Being a condensed summary of the more importar

JANUARY

1 The first government of the Greater New York was installed, with Robert A. Van Wyck as Mayor.
2 Great Britain began mobilizing reinforcements for an expedition up the Nile.
3 Li Hung Chang was restored to power in Peking.
Secretary of the Treasury decided to call in all outstanding $100 silver certificates, because of counterfeits.
4 American Federal Courts assumed jurisdiction over the Five Civilized Tribes in Indian Territory.
6 Great Britain agreed to guarantee a Chinese loan.
8 The President appointed Central Cuban Relief Committee.
Moses P. Handy, American Commissioner for the Paris Exposition of 1900, died in Georgia, aged fifty-one years.
9 Consul-General Lee began distributing American supplies to suffering Cubans in Havana.
The Khalifa began massing Dervishes near Khartum.
10 Great Britain's policy in China was officially declared to be to promote trade, not to acquire territory.
11 Count Esterhazy was acquitted by a court martial on charges of having written letters reflecting on France.
12 Mark A. Hanna was elected United States Senator.
Mary Cowden Clarke, author of Complete Concordance to Shakespeare, died in Genoa, aged eighty-nine years.
13 The French Government announced that it would prosecute M. Zola for criticisms on the Dreyfus court martial.
14 President McKinley urged on Congress prompt payment of the Bering Sea award against the Government.
Lewis Carroll, author and mathematician, died in Oxford.
15 Rebellious Afridi in British India reoccupied Khyber Pass.
17 President Dole, of Hawaii, arrived at San Francisco on his way to Washington to promote annexation.
18 French Minister of War filed a formal complaint against Zola.
A proposition by the United States to reopen the Sealing question was declined by Great Britain.
19 Henry George Liddell, D. D., one of the compilers of the Liddell and Scott Greek Lexicon, died in London.
20 Russia remonstrated against opening Talien-Wan to trade.
22 A debate on the Dreyfus case in the French Chamber of Deputies led to a riot, and the suspension of the sitting.
Governor John W. Griggs, of New Jersey, was nominated for Attorney-General of the United States.
23 An American fleet was assembled at Key West.
24 The American battle-ship Maine ordered to Havana.
25 The battle-ship Maine arrived at Havana.
26 Spain ordered the battle-ship Vizcaya to visit America.
President Dole, of Hawaii, visited President McKinley.
29 Spain ordered a squadron to sail for Havana.

FEBRUARY

1 The Chinese Foreign Office proposed to divide the $50,000,000 loan between Great Britain and Russia.
2 Prussia prohibited the importation of American fruit.
3 Great Britain ordered three squadrons to Chinese waters.
Importations of American live plants, shrubs, and packages containing them were prohibited in Prussia through alleged fear of the San José scale.
4 American Legation at St. Petersburg and Russian Legation at Washington raised to the rank of Embassies.
7 The trial of M. Zola was begun in Paris.
8 Negotiations for a reciprocity treaty between the United States and Spain begun in Washington.
Translation of a letter written by the Spanish Minister at Washington, speaking disparagingly of President McKinley, published by the Cuban Junta in New York.
9 The Spanish Minister at Washington recalled.
President Barrios, of Guatemala, assassinated.
Krüger elected President of South African Republic.
10 Japan notified China of her intention to retain Wei-Hai-Wei.
12 In the Zola trial, the Court refused to allow the production of secret documents mentioned by witnesses.
14 Spain decided to appoint Louis Polo de Bernabe to succeed Dupuy de Lôme as Minister at Washington.
15 At 9:40 P. M., while moored to the buoy assigned her by the Government pilot in the harbor of Havana, the American battle-ship Maine was destroyed by an explosion.
17 A Court of Inquiry on the Maine disaster appointed.
The Spanish Government disavowed the reflections on President McKinley by its late Minister at Washington.
18 The Spanish cruiser Vizcaya reached New York.
The remains of 135 of the crew of the Maine were given a public funeral in Havana, and buried in a local cemetery at the expense of the Spanish authorities.
Frances E. Willard died, in New York, aged fifty-nine years.
19 The United States Government declined a request by Spanish officials for a joint examination of the Maine wreck.
In Congress the House passed a National Bankruptcy Bill.
20 Spanish officers made examination of the Maine wreck.
21 The Maine's Court of Inquiry held its first session.
The Senate directed its Naval Committee to investigate the Maine disaster; voted $200,000 for an examination.
22 China negotiated a joint Anglo-German loan of $80,000,000.
23 M. Zola was found guilty and sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of 3000 francs.
24 Canada agreed to allow Canadian goods to be shipped free of duty in American vessels from Vancouver and Victoria.
25 Severe penalties were inflicted on several witnesses who had testified favorably to M. Zola.
The Vizcaya left New York for Havana.
26 An attempt made to assassinate King George, of Greece.
Frederick Tennyson, poet and brother of the late Poet Laureate, died in London, aged ninety-one years.
27 Premier Sagasta declared that no Spanish Government would arbitrate the Cuban trouble.
28 Hayti settled her difficulty with Italy by paying the claim.

MARCH

1 United States Senator Proctor arranged an investigating trip from Havana to the Cuban provinces.
2 The Navy Department decided to send two war-ships to Cuba with supplies for the reconcentrados.
4 Spain began assembling a naval fleet at Cadiz for Cuba.
Senate passed the Alaska Homestead and Right of Way Bill.
6 Spain asked the recall of Consul-General Lee from Havana, and the substitution of merchant for war vessels for the transport of relief supplies. Both requests were refused.
Russia filed a formal protest against the execution of the Anglo-German loan to China.
7 China consented to the Russian demand for a lease of Port Arthur and Talien-Wan for ninety-nine years.
Spain withdrew her request for recall of Consul-General Lee.
8 Russia agreed to open Port Arthur and Talien-Wan to foreign trade under Russian laws and administration.
In Congress the House passed the $50,000,000 National Defense Bill unanimously.
9 Senator Proctor completed his tour of the Cuban provinces.
China appealed to Russia to withdraw her ultimatum regarding Port Arthur and Talien-Wan.
In Congress the Senate adopted the $50,000,000 National Defense Bill unanimously.
10 George Müller, philanthropist, died in Bristol, England.
11 Great Britain protested to China against the cession of Port Arthur to Russia.
In Congress the House Naval Committee provided for three new battle-ships to cost $5,000,000 each.
13 A special board was appointed to examine all vessels the American Government might wish to buy or lease.
14 Sir Henry Bessemer, inventor of Bessemer steel, died.
16 Spain remonstrated to the United States against the presence of the White Squadron at Key West.
Aubrey Beardsley, illustrator, died, aged twenty-four years.
17 The Navy Department divided Admiral Sicard's fleet and ordered a formidable squadron to Hampton Roads.
18 Commissioners to negotiate a commercial treaty between the United States and Spain and her colonies met in Washington.
19 The American battle-ship Oregon left San Francisco.
In Congress the House adopted a bill to admit war supplies free.
21 The Court of Inquiry on the Maine disaster completed its investigation, and reported its inability to fix the responsibility.
23 The Navy Department increased the fleet at Key West.
24 China agreed to all the demands of Russia.
The Bank of Spain agreed to loan the Government 200,000,000 pesetas ($38,000,000).
25 The Mangrove was ordered to Havana to convey to Key West all American officials excepting Consul-General Lee.
A flying squadron was organized at Hampton Roads.
James Payn, novelist, died in London, aged sixty-eight years.
26 President McKinley announced his intention to ask Congress to appropriate $500,000 for the relief of Cuban reconcentrados.
Anton Seidl, musical director, died in New York.
29 American ultimatum on Cuban situation presented to Spain.
31 The Anglo-Egyptian expedition in the Sudan encountered a strongly intrenched force of Dervishes.

APRIL

1 Spain replied to American ultimatum in unsatisfactory terms.
Spanish torpedo flotilla arrived at Cape Verde Islands.
3 China agreed to lease Wei-Hai-Wei to Great Britain.
5 Consul-General Lee directed to return home.
7 Representatives of the Powers at Washington presented a joint expression of a hope for peace to the President.
8 Premier Sagasta announced a termination of negotiations.
Anglo-Egyptian expedition routed Dervishes on the Upper Nile.
11 President McKinley sent message on Cuba to Congress.
12 In Congress the Foreign Committees of the two Houses practically agreed to authorize the President to intervene in Cuba, and favored a recognition of independence.
13 Spanish Cabinet declared American policy incompatible with Spanish sovereignty, and voted a large war credit.
14 The Spanish Minister at Washington arranged to turn the Legation over to the French Ambassador.
15 The Navy Department chartered the steamships St. Paul, St. Louis, City of Paris and City of New York.
Joseph Leiter effected an exciting "corner" in wheat.
The British Government notified its officials at Jamaica that coal would be contraband of war.
16 In Congress the Senate adopted the intervention resolution.
General Joaquin Crespo, ex-President of Venezuela, was killed in battle with insurgents.
19 A conference committee's report on the Senate resolution for intervention, with the recognition clause stricken out, was adopted by each House of Congress.
George Parsons Lathrop, author, died in New York.
20 President McKinley signed the intervention resolution and sent an ultimatum to Spain.
Spanish Minister at Washington demanded his passports.
21 The Spanish Government sent the American Minister at Madrid his passports before he delivered the ultimatum.
Sampson's fleet at Key West ordered to blockade Havana.
22 President McKinley proclaimed a blockade of Havana and other Cuban ports, and the American cruiser Nashville captured the first prize of war off Key West.
The American squadron at Hongkong, under Commodore George Dewey, sailed for Manila, Philippine Islands.
23 President McKinley issued a call for 125,000 volunteers.
In Congress the Army Reorganization Bill was adopted and a War Revenue Bill introduced, both in the House.
24 The Spanish Government issued a decree to the effect that a state of war with the United States existed.
25 President McKinley recommended to Congress the recognition of a state of war with Spain, and a resolution declaring that war had existed since April 21 was adopted in both Houses.
John Sherman, Secretary of State, resigned, and William R. Day, Assistant Secretary, was appointed his successor.
27 The American war-ships, New York, Puritan and Cincinnati, shelled the batteries of Matanzas, Cuba.
29 Portugal issued a neutrality proclamation, thus forcing the Spanish squadron, under Admiral Cervera, to leave the Cape Verde Islands.
The Senate adopted conference report on Naval Appropriation Bill. The House passed the War Revenue Bill.

MAY

1 Commodore Dewey's squadron of seven war-ships destroyed Spanish fleet of eleven vessels and two torpedo boats, without the loss of a ship or man.
2 In Congress both Houses voted a war emergency appropriation of $31,625,725.
4 Admiral Sampson's fleet sailed from Key West.
5 In the Chicago market May wheat rose to $1.50 per bushel.
7 Serious bread riots occurred throughout Italy.
China paid Japan the balance of the war indemnity.
President appointed Dewey Acting Rear-Admiral.
9 In the Chicago Produce Exchange wheat rose to $1.90.
Congress adopted resolutions of thanks to Dewey.
10 In Congress the Senate passed a resolution favoring a change of Presidential Inauguration Day to May 4.
11 Three American vessels engaged the batteries at Cardenas, Cuba, and Ensign Bagley was killed.
General Merritt appointed Military Governor of Philippines.
In Congress the House adopted a resolution favoring election of United States Senators by direct popular vote.
12 Admiral Sampson bombarded the fortifications of San Juan.
13 The cable at Cienfuegos, Cuba, was cut by Americans.
15 The Atlantic Coast Patrol Squadron went on duty.
All the members of the Spanish Cabinet resigned.
Edouard Remenyi, violinist, died in San Francisco.
16 The War Department created the new Military Department of the Pacific and included in it the Philippine Islands.
17 In Congress the House Committee on Foreign Affairs reported favorably on the annexation of Hawaii.
18 Señor Sagasta formed a new Cabinet.
Maria Louise Pool, author, died, aged fifty-seven years.
19 Admiral Cervera's fleet reached Santiago.
20 [eighty-nine years.] William Ewart Gladstone, statesman, died in Hawarden, aged
A State funeral for Mr. Gladstone and burial in Westminster Abbey was decided on by the British House of Commons.
21 Edward Bellamy, author, died in Chicopee Falls, Mass.
23 Émile Zola's second trial was begun at Versailles.
The first American troops for the Philippines embarked.
Sir John T. Gilbert, historian, died, aged sixty-nine years.
24 It was reported that the combined squadrons of Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley had securely trapped Admiral Cervera's fleet in Santiago Harbor.
25 Three more transports left San Francisco for Manila.
American Government decided to seize Porto Rico.
The battle-ship Oregon reached Jupiter Inlet, Florida.
27 Amendments were offered to the War Revenue Bill in the Senate providing for the annexation of Hawaii.
28 Mr. Gladstone's body was buried in Westminster Abbey.
Madeline Vinton Dahlgren, author, died, aged sixty-three.
General Shafter ordered to move the Army at Tampa.
Oscar S. Straus appointed United States Minister to Turkey.
Baron Lyon Playfair, scientist, died, aged seventy-nine years.
30 An agreement was signed in Washington for a Joint High Commission to negotiate a settlement of all controversies between the United States and Canada.
31 Fortifications at the entrance to Santiago Harbor bombarded.

JUNE

1 Thomas W. Keene, actor, died on Staten Island, aged fifty-eight.
2 In Congress the House passed an Urgent Deficiency Bill.
3 Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson sank the collier Merrimac across the entrance to Santiago Harbor.
4 The Senate adopted the War Revenue Bill.
Captain Charles V. Gridley, U. S. N., commander of Admiral Dewey's flagship, died in Kobe, Japan, aged fifty-three years.
5 A protocol guaranteeing the independence of Korea was signed by Russia and Japan.
7 Fortifications at Caimanera bombarded by American ships.
8 Ernest T. Hooley, London promoter, declared a bankrupt.
9 Admiral Sampson seized Guantanamo Bay.
10 A force of 600 American marines was landed at Caimanera.
In Congress the Senate adopted the conference report on the War Revenue Bill. The House passed the bill to permit volunteer soldiers to vote at Congressional elections.
11 The Japanese Diet was dissolved.
12 The American marines holding Caimanera were engaged for thirteen hours by Spanish regulars and guerillas.
For the first time in the history of the United States its agricultural exports for a year exceeded $500,000,000 in value.
Niger boundary dispute between England and France settled.
13 President McKinley signed the War Revenue Bill.
Joseph Leiter's wheat "corner" in Chicago broken.
In Congress the House adopted a joint resolution appropriating $473,151 to pay the Bering Sea award.
14 The Fourth Army Corps, under Major-General John J. Coppinger, was selected to occupy Porto Rico.
Senate adopted the Bering Sea appropriation resolution.
15 Captain-General Blanco received authority to treat for the exchange of Naval Constructor Hobson and his comrades.
Premier Méline's Ministry in France resigned.
In Congress the Senate passed a bill to incorporate an International American Bank. The House adopted the resolution for the annexation of Hawaii.
16 The Bering Sea award was paid.
17 Baltimore made the first shipment of steel rails to Russia under a large contract.
Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones, painter, died in London, aged sixty-five years.
23 General Shafter's Army began landing at Baiquiri.
23 Count Cassini, the first Russian Ambassador to the United States, was received by President McKinley.
24 Americans marching toward Santiago attacked by Spaniards.
Rough Riders had severe engagement at La Quasina.
Arctic expedition, under Sverdrup, sailed from Norway.
27 It was decided to send a squadron, under Commodore John C. Watson, to attack Spanish coast cities.
Ex-Premier Henri Brisson formed a new French Ministry.
29 Queen Victoria appointed British members of Joint High Commission on the American-Canadian controversies.
Flying Squadron merged into Sampson's fleet off Santiago.
30 Admiral Camara was requested by the Egyptian Government to withdraw from Port Said as soon as possible.
Count Okuma formed Japan's first party ministry.
The first expedition to Manila arrived at Cavite.

ALMANACK

rd MDCCCXCVIII

ıt events of this eventful Twelvemonth

JULY

1 El Caney and San Juan Hill captured by Americans.
The new War Revenue Bill went into effect.
2 The Army and Navy resumed the attack on Santiago.
Lieutenant Peary's ship started on its Arctic voyage.
3 On orders from Spain, Cervera attempted to escape from Santiago Harbor. Fleet totally destroyed by Americans.
Shafter demanded surrender of Santiago before July 5.
Government report showed that in the last eleven months the exports of the United States doubled the imports.
4 La Bourgogne sunk in a collision; 570 persons lost.
5 Admiral Camara's squadron entered Suez Canal.
The threatened bombardment of Santiago was delayed.
6 Naval Constructor Hobson and his comrades exchanged.
The Senate adopted the Hawaiian Annexation Resolutions.
7 President McKinley signed the resolutions for the annexation of Hawaii; cruiser Philadelphia ordered to Honolulu.
8 Admiral Camara was ordered to return to Spain immediately.
Shafter informed Toral that the attack on Santiago would be renewed if it was not surrendered by noon, July 9.
Congress adjourned till December 5.
9 General Toral offered to surrender Santiago on condition that his Army be allowed to retreat, but General Shafter refused.
10 General Toral declined to surrender, and was notified that bombardment by the Army and Navy would be opened at 4 P.M. A further delay, however, occurred.
11 General Miles landed in Cuba with additional reinforcements.
All the members of the Spanish Ministry resigned.
Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, U. S. N., died in Washington.
12 General Toral was given till noon of the 14th to surrender.
14 General Toral agreed to surrender.
Popular subscriptions to the war loan exceeded $1,300,000,000.
Elizabeth Lynn Linton, novelist and essayist, died in London.
16 President McKinley appointed the American members of the Joint High Commission on American-Canadian affairs.
17 General Toral formally surrendered to General Shafter.
18 President proclaimed temporary government for Santiago.
The second trial of M. Zola and M. Perreux.
Advance force of the American expedition to Porto Rico sailed.
20 General Leonard R. Wood appointed Governor of Santiago.
22 Ferdinand W. Peck, of Chicago, was appointed American Commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1900.
25 General Miles landed the Porto Rico expedition at Guanica.
26 General Merritt, the American Governor of the Philippines, arrived at Manila with the second military expedition.
28 Orders were issued to General Shafter to send his Army to the United States as soon as possible because of the fever.
City and port of Ponce surrendered to General Miles.
29 Prince Bismarck died in Friedrichsruhe, aged eighty-three.
30 President McKinley and Ambassador Cambon reached an agreement on a basis for peace. President demanded surrender of sovereignty over Cuba and Porto Rico, cession of one of the Ladrone Islands, and possession of Manila pending disposition of the Philippines by a joint commission.
John Caird, D.D., LL.D., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, died in Glasgow.

AUGUST

1 Camp Alger was ordered abandoned.
2 President McKinley made public the terms of peace.
3 Spain accepted the American terms of peace.
Troops at Camp Alger were transferred to Manassas.
George N. Curzon appointed Viceroy of India.
4 The American Government decided to establish a coaling station in Pago-Pago Harbor, Samoa.
5 Fears of an Anglo-Russian War were expressed.
Guayama, Porto Rico, captured by Americans.
6 The Infanta Maria Teresa, Admiral Cervera's flagship, raised.
Sir Thomas Lipton challenged for the America's Cup.
7 Turkey repudiated all responsibility for losses of Americans during the Armenian massacres, and refused compensation.
8 George Moritz Ebers, Egyptologist and novelist, died.
Adolph Heinrich Joseph Sutro, builder of the famous Sutro Tunnel, died in San Francisco, aged sixty-eight years.
9 Spaniards made a night attack on American troops at Malate.
10 Peace protocol was agreed upon by Judge Day, Secretary of State, and Ambassador Cambon, of France, in behalf of Spain.
A new tariff for Cuba was promulgated by the War Department.
11 The Spanish Cabinet approved the peace protocol.
12 Peace protocol signed in Washington. President immediately proclaimed an armistice, ordered cessation of hostilities, and raised the blockade at Cuba, Porto Rico and Manila.
Honduras, Salvador and Nicaragua formed the United States of Central America, under a single President.
Rear-Admiral William A. Kirkland, U. S. N., died.
13 Ignorant of the armistice, Americans captured Manila.
15 Great Britain demanded the dismissal of Li Hung Chang.
16 John Hay, American Ambassador to Great Britain, accepted the office of Secretary of State.
17 The War Department promulgated a tariff for the Philippines.
18 Americans occupied all former Spanish positions at Manila.
19 An American tariff schedule for Porto Rico was proclaimed.
20 New York gave a grand reception to Admiral Sampson's fleet.
First mail to Spain since war opened sent from New York.
21 Great Britain demanded of Spain an explanation of the erection of new fortifications at Gibraltar.
23 Surgeon-General Sternberg recommended that all sick troops in Cuba and Porto Rico be sent North immediately.
The Navy Department opened bids for the construction of twenty-eight torpedo boats and destroyers.
24 Severe fighting between Spaniards and insurgents in the Visayas Islands (part of the Philippines) was reported.
25 The Red Cross steamer Comal sailed from Tampa with 1,000,000 rations for the destitute in Havana.
26 The American Peace Commission was completed as follows: President, William R. Day; Cushman K. Davis, William P. Frye, Edward D. White and Whitelaw Reid.
28 Czar invited the world to a conference for promotion of peace on basis of general national disarmament.
31 Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, of the French Army, under arrest on a charge of having forged a serious letter against ex-Captain Dreyfus, confessed the act and committed suicide.

SEPTEMBER

1 Anglo-Egyptian Army defeated the Dervishes before Omdurman.
2 General Kitchener occupied Omdurman.
The gold reserve in the United States Treasury reached the highest figure since its establishment, $221,530,374.
3 President McKinley inspected Camp Wikoff at Montauk Point.
M. Cavaignac, French Minister of War, resigned his office.
4 Mme. Dreyfus made a formal application for a revision of the proceedings against her husband.
5 General Zurlinden, an anti-Dreyfusite, succeeded M. Cavaignac.
The Spanish Cortes reassembled.
6 Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, was enthroned at Amsterdam.
The British authorities attempted to install Christian officials in Candia, Crete, and were attacked by Mussulmans.
7 Li Hung Chang was dismissed from office. [visit.
Joseph Chamberlain arrived at New York on a brief unofficial
9 Associate Justice White declined appointment to the American Peace Commission, and Senator George Gray was selected.
The American and Spanish Military Commissions for Porto Rico held their first joint session in San Juan.
10 Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, was assassinated at Geneva.
French expedition under Captain Marchand occupied Fashoda.
President McKinley named a committee to investigate the operations of the medical, commissary and quartermaster bureaus of the War Department.
11 A majority of the French Cabinet favored the Dreyfus revision.
12 The American and Spanish Military Commissions for Cuba held their first joint session in Havana.
Thomas M. Cooley, authority on constitutional and railroad law, died in Ann Arbor, Michigan, aged seventy-four years.
13 The Spanish Cortes ratified the peace protocol.
15 Leaders of the rioting in Candia were arrested.
16 Spain appointed the following Peace Commission: President, Montero Rios; W. Z. de Villaurutia, Buenaventura Abarzuza, General R. Cerero and José de Garnica.
Judge Day resigned the office of Secretary of State.
17 Admiral Noel, of the British Navy, demanded of Edhem Pasha the immediate disarmament of all Mussulmans in Crete.
Rev. John Hall, D.D., died in Ireland, aged sixty-nine years.
18 Admiral Montojo suspended by Spain's Council of War.
19 Senator Faulkner appointed Joint High Commissioner in place of Senator Gray, transferred to the Peace Commission.
Spain recalled her troops remaining in the West Indies.
22 The Emperor of China was forced to abdicate.
23 Richard Malcolm Johnston, novelist, died in Baltimore.
24 The President demanded that Spaniards begin evacuation of Cuba by October 15, and complete it by December 31.
25 The French Cabinet ordered a revision of the Dreyfus case.
General Sir Herbert Kitchener was raised to the peerage.
27 Chinese Emperor's reform edicts annulled by Dowager Empress.
28 Thomas F. Bayard, first American Ambassador to Great Britain, died in Dedham, Massachusetts, aged seventy years.
29 Queen Louise, of Denmark, died in Copenhagen.
30 John Hay assumed the duties of American Secretary of State.

OCTOBER

1 The Peace Commissioners held their first joint session.
2 Canadian Pacific Railway Company decided to connect Vancouver with the Trans-Siberian Railway at Vladivostok.
3 David J. Hill, LL.D., ex-President of the University of Rochester, was appointed Assistant Secretary of State.
Admiral Dewey was instructed to send two war-ships to China.
4 American battle-ship Illinois launched at Newport News.
5 Outbreak of Pillager Indians near Bear Island, Minnesota.
6 Troops whipped Pillager Indians into submission.
Rear-Admiral Howell was succeeded in the command of the North Atlantic Squadron by Commodore Philip.
7 President McKinley decided that Porto Rico must be evacuated by October 18, and Cuba by December 1.
Negotiations between Great Britain and Portugal for the lease of Delagoa Bay deferred on the demand of the United States.
8 The Navy Department reported that during the war only seventeen sailors were killed and sixty-seven wounded.
Two sessions of the Peace Commissioners were held separately. Spain insisted on our assumption of the Cuban debt.
9 Blue Book on Fashoda issued by the British Foreign Office.
Rear-Admiral John C. Febiger, U. S. N., died near Easton, Maryland, aged seventy-seven years.
11 A Naval Board of Inquiry decided that the battle off Santiago was fought on plans originating with Rear-Admiral Sampson.
12 Emperor and Empress of Germany left Berlin for Palestine.
13 Powers refused to permit Turkey to maintain garrisons in Crete.
14 The Mohegan, an Atlantic transport steamer, wrecked off the Lizard; estimated loss of life, 108.
15 General Miles personally investigated Pillager outbreak.
16 Captain-General Macias, of Porto Rico, sailed for Spain.
18 Spanish evacuation of Porto Rico was officially completed.
19 Harold Frederic, novelist, and London correspondent of the New York Times, died in Henley, England, aged forty-two.
20 United States Commissioner Peck, of the Paris Exposition, applied for a site on the Exposition grounds for a statue of Lafayette, to be provided by American school children.
21 A Nicaragua commission decided that the concession to the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua, chartered by the American Congress, would expire on October 9, 1899.
23 France issued a Yellow Book on the Fashoda controversy.
25 The limit for evacuation of Cuba extended to January 1, 1899.
25 The French Ministry under M. Brisson was forced to resign.
Nine war-ships took part in the Peace Jubilee at Philadelphia.
Pierre Puvis de Chavannes, mural painter, died in Paris.
26 Dewey released the Spanish sailors captured at Manila.
27 The Spanish Peace Commissioners accepted declaration of American Commissioners on question of Cuban debt.
Philadelphia celebrated Peace Jubilee with military parade.
29 French Court of Cassation granted revision of Dreyfus case.
Emperor William and his party arrived at Jerusalem.
31 M. Dupuy perfected a new French Ministry.
The Nicaragua Congress authorized the construction of an interoceanic canal by a new American syndicate.
American Commissioners demanded whole of Philippines.

NOVEMBER

1 Kaiser dedicated Church of Redeemer at Jerusalem.
The Infanta Maria Teresa foundered off the Bahamas.
The Greater Republic of Central America was established.
2 Russia mobilized a strong naval fleet at Port Arthur.
3 An American Naval Reservation at Honolulu was established.
Order placed with the Herreshoffs for a Cup Defender.
5 Prince George, of Greece, made Governor-General of Crete.
Secretary of State Hay made public the protocol of peace.
6 U. S. Supreme Court Chambers in the Capitol damaged by fire.
7 Turkish troops in Crete forcibly removed by Russian Admiral.
8 Theodore Roosevelt elected Governor of New York.
Max Alvary, operatic tenor, died in Berlin, aged forty-two years.
12 The Washington Cabinet instructed the American Peace Commissioners that the right to consider the disposition of the Philippines would not be debated further.
13 In reply to a request for further time, the American Government notified Spain that Cuba must be evacuated by January 1.
15 Court of Cassation directed Dreyfus to prepare his defense.
Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens was elected President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.
16 At the joint meeting of the Peace Commission the Spaniards asked that the Philippine clause be submitted to arbitration.
The Navy Department abandoned the Infanta Maria Teresa.
17 Timothy Dwight resigned the Presidency of Yale University.
18 Contracts were signed for the raising and refitting of three Spanish war-ships, sunk in the battle of Manila, for $300,000.
19 General Don Carlos Buell, noted Union officer in the Civil War, died in Paradise, Kentucky, aged eighty years.
20 Commercial bodies in Spain urged a speedy conclusion of peace.
21 The American Peace Commissioners delivered an ultimatum rejecting the proposal for arbitration, offering $20,000,000 for the Philippines, and insisting on resignation of all claims arising since the beginning of the Cuban insurrection.
23 The Hawaiian Commission held its first meeting in Washington.
President Iglesias, of Costa Rica, visited President McKinley.
24 British officials at Manila celebrate American Thanksgiving.
25 American battle-ship Wisconsin launched at San Francisco.
Marshal Blanco resigned the office of Captain-General of Cuba.
27 American Minister Straus secured from the Sultan the long-sought grant of permits for foreigners to travel in Asia Minor.
Lyman Abbott, D.D., successor of Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth Church, resigned the pastorate.
Charles W. Couldock, actor, died in New York.
28 Spanish Peace Commissioners accepted American ultimatum.
29 Foundering off Cape Cod, in the storm of the 26th and 27th, of steamer Portland; 115 persons believed to have been lost.
The Greater Republic of Central America was dissolved.

DECEMBER

1 France prohibited the importation of fruits and plants from the United States.
China proposed an extradition treaty with the United States.
Filipino Independents declared they would fight for independence before they would accept the bartering of the islands.
2 The Spanish Supreme Court at Santiago de Cuba was reorganized and installed as an American judicial authority.
Austria-Hungary celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of Emperor Francis Joseph.
3 Nicaragua resumed independent sovereignty because of the dissolution of the Greater Republic of Central America.
John McCullagh, ex-Superintendent of Police of New York, was commissioned to reorganize the police force of Havana.
4 Picquart appealed to Court of Cassation to decide whether he was amenable to military or civil jurisdiction.
5 The closing session of the Fifty-fifth Congress was opened, and President McKinley's Message was read in both Houses.
Secretary Gage transmitted to Congress his estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, aggregating $593,058,378.
In Congress resolutions were introduced in the House to declare the gold dollar the standard of value in the United States; to appropriate $11,000,000 to deepen the channel of the Mississippi River; and to present to Helen M. Gould the thanks of Congress and a gold medal.
6 Mexican Legation at Washington and the United States Legation at City of Mexico raised to grade of Embassies.
The chief differences in the Peace Commission adjusted, treaty expected to be signed within a few days.
7 Sir Edmund J. Monson, British Ambassador at Paris, warned France not to annoy Great Britain in the Sudan.
In his speech at the opening of the Reichstag Emperor William commented on the Czar's peace proposals.
Hawaiian Commissioners' report sent to Congress.
8 Sir Julian Pauncefote protested against the Nicaragua Canal scheme.
Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, criticised President McKinley for nominating Senators to executive positions.
President of the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet resigned.
Reported that Japan had offered United States Government $300,000,000 for the Philippines.
9 Assistant Secretary Vanderlip reported that the customs collections in Porto Rico aggregated more than $100,000 since American occupation.
Citizens of Chicago strongly remonstrated against the granting of certain valuable franchises by City Councils.
10 Treaty of peace between the United States and Spain signed in Paris.
John McCullagh, who is to take in hand the Havana police system, sailed from New York for Havana.
William Black, novelist, died, aged fifty-seven years.
11 French troops called out to prevent an anti-Dreyfus meeting in Paris.
Major-General Lee left Savannah on the transport Panama for Havana.
The Red Cross steamer Comal sailed for Havana with 1,250,000 rations for starving Cubans.
Rich gold strikes reported from Esmeralda County, Nevada.
General Calixto Garcia, Cuban patriot, died in Washington, aged fifty-nine years.

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

Growing a Grandmother

HE WAS a wee little man, only three years old, but very brave, courageous, and uncomplaining,—more courageous and uncomplaining than any one knew, for though he was only a baby, he had trials to bear, says the New York Times. The family had gone to a new country in the far West, the mamma, this little man, and the sister, a little older.

It was a very new country, very different from the city in the East, where they had left many friends, relatives, and, nearest of all, a dear old grandmother. The mamma was so busy in her new home that she had little time to devote to the babies except to see that they were clean and well fed. So the little ones were lonesome, sometimes, as mamma found out one day in a way that brought the tears to her eyes.

The little three-year-old had been very busy and very quiet, making a big hole in the ground with such earnestness of purpose that, fearing the little fellow was planning some mischief, she went to see what was being done.

The hole was completed when she reached the spot, and in it had been placed something that she took out and examined with wondering curiosity. It was the strangest thing to go into a hole in the ground,—an old daguerreotype, a picture of the dear grandmamma at home.

"Why, baby," exclaimed mamma, "what are you doing with this?"

"I fought," said the little man, with a quivering lip and all the pent-up loneliness of homesickness in his voice as he tried to explain,—"I fought, maybe, if I planted it, annozzer grandma would grow."

*

How the Game of Dominoes Originated

TWO monks, who had been committed to a lengthy seclusion, contrived to beguile the dreary hours of their confinement, without breaking the rule of silence which had been imposed on them, by showing each other small flat stones marked with black dots.

By a preconcerted arrangement, the winner would inform the other player of his victory by repeating in an undertone the first line of the vesper prayer. In process of time the two monks managed to complete the set of stones, and to perfect the rules of the game, so that when the term of incarceration had expired, the game was so interesting that it was generally adopted by all the inmates of the monastery as a lawful pastime.

It very soon spread from town to town, and became popular throughout Italy; and the first line of the vespers was reduced to the single word Domino, by which name the game has ever since been known.

*

When One is Divided by Naught

FOUR men sitting together were confiding to one another their general ignorance of the matter contained in text-books. One said he had studied algebra for three years, but he would find it impossible to solve the simplest problem by an algebraic process. Another said he had been counted a good student in geology in his schooldays, and yet now he doubted if he could name the principal periods in their proper order.

"Now, let's see how much you do know," said one of the men. "Let us take a simple problem in division. 'How much is one divided by naught, or nothing?'"

"One divided by nothing?" repeated the man at his right. "Why, that's too easy. One divided by nothing is one. If one isn't divided by anything, it remains one."

"I think the answer is nothing," said another. "One divided by nothing is—nothing. Sure, that's right."

"You're the worst I ever heard," said the man who had given the problem. "One divided by nothing,—that means how many times is nothing contained in one. It is contained an infinite number of times, and the correct answer is—infinity."

Then he had to talk to them for fully five minutes in order to convince them that his solution of the problem was correct.

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SINGER National Costume Series
AUSTRIA (Croatia)

The Croats, being a branch of the Slavonic race, once wore a costume very similar to that now worn by the Russian peasant. Through mixing with the Magyars, Servians and Italians their dress has now become a combination of several national costumes.

The accompanying illustration shows a typical man of Croatia, tall, fair and strongly built. He wears the upiform of an Austrian soldier—for the courage of the Croats is constantly exercised in repelling the invasions of the Turks.

The rich braiding and jaunty way of wearing the coat are characteristic of the Magyars; decorating the hat was very common among the Slavonic Croats, who liked best to wear wild flowers or the plumes of the heron.

The Croatian women devote much of their time to embroidery, and our illustration shows such a woman wearing a gown covered with a heavily embroidered design of lotus flowers. This is a sample of her work with a SINGER SEWING MACHINE, which is not only the best in the world for family sewing of the usual kinds, but also excels in embroidery and art needlework.

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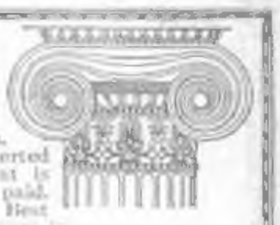

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$29.50 buys this luxurious easy chair, No. 677, direct from factory, *freight prepaid*, sent "On Approval," to be returned *at our expense* if not positively the best leather chair ever sold at so low a price.

COVERED with best quality machine-buffed GENUINE leather. Has genuine hair cushions, tufted back, spring rockers and ball-bearing casters. Choice of maroon, olive-green or russet-color leather. At retail a similar chair costs $45 to $60.

Ladies' Mahogany Desk

$9.75 buys this dainty desk direct from the factory, *freight prepaid*, sent "On Approval," to be returned *at our expense* if not positively the best ladies' desk ever sold at so low a price. A dainty birthday or wedding gift.

FRONT is figured mahogany, tastily inlaid with pearl and white holly. Has French legs both back and front, two locks. Small drawer inside, places for paper, pen, ink, etc. Bottom of large drawer is of pretty bird's-eye maple. Trimmings are all solid brass (not plated), including the crest. This desk is polished like a piano, and from a dealer will cost $25 to $30. Ask for Catalogue.

Mahogany Music Cabinet

$8.00 buys this pretty music cabinet direct from the factory, *freight prepaid*, sent "On Approval," to be returned *at our expense* if not positively the best music cabinet obtainable at so low a price.

FRONT is figured mahogany, tastily inlaid with mother-of-pearl and white holly. Has French legs, adjustable shelves and lock. Trimmings are solid brass, and bottom of drawer is pretty bird's-eye maple. This cabinet has a rich polish finish, and from a dealer will cost $12 to $15.

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Famous Actors of the Last Generation by the Great Actors of the Present

A series of personal reminiscences by men in close touch with their subjects. The articles will be illustrated with quaint pictures that will be a delight to readers of this generation.

General View of the "Good Old Days"
By Wm. H. Crane
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By M. A. Woolf
The Old Minstrel Days
By Lew Dockstader and George Primrose
The Personal Side of Lester Wallack
By A. M. Palmer
The Personal Side of Edwin Forrest
By Stuart Robson
The Personal Side of William Warren
By Sol Smith Russell
The Personal Side of Lawrence Barrett
The Personal Side of Edwin Booth
The Personal Side of John McCullough
By Three Prominent Actors

How I Made My First $1000

A man's first thousand dollars is the corner-stone of his success. How he makes it, how he saves it, what he does with it—determine his future. A dozen or more of the nation's most successful men in the various lines of human activity will tell their stories in the Post.

The Romance of Prairie and Mountain

The Post's successful seacoast series was devoted to the Atlantic seaboard. This new series will tell the romance of the building up of the great Middle West, from the Mississippi to the Rockies. The most picturesque days in the life of the West will, in these stories, be pictured by pen and pencil.

Steamboat Days on the Mississippi
The Story of the Forty-Niner
The Great Overland Stage Route
In the Prairie-Schooner Days
The "Boomers" and the "Sooners"
On an Indian Reservation
The Passing of the Buffalo

American Kings and Their Kingdoms

The story of men who control vast interests, their great wealth and power, and how they made it. A few sample names will give a glimpse of this novel and attractive series.

The Pine King—Frederick Weyerhauser
The Real Estate King—John Jacob Astor
The Farmer King—P. R. Rankin
The Coffee King—John Arbuckle
The King of Florida—Henry B. Plant
The Oil King—John D. Rockefeller

Stories of Country Life

Forrest Crissey has written for the Post a series of short stories—sympathetic character sketches—touching every phase of human nature. Strikingly illustrated.

Out-of-Doors with Rod and Gun

A delightful series of sport and adventure, told by a lover of Nature.

An Early Morning Duck Hunt
In the Maine Woods After Deer
A Typical Southern Coon Hunt
Trouting Days in the Adirondacks

The Modern Munchausen Papers
By Wardon Allan Curtis

Will be continued for some time in 1899. In early issues the following subjects will be treated by this writer:

Our Experiences with Pirates
Some Lucky Convulsions of Nature
Perils of War as I Know Them

American Cities 50 Years Ago

The changes a half-century has wrought in the half dozen greatest cities of the nation are vividly portrayed. The articles make the old cities live again before our eyes. Sharp contrasts are made between the old and the new. Fully illustrated.

Tales of Bible Times
By Walker Kennedy

With many illustrations by Frank X. Leyendecker.

In the Land of Wandering
For the Love of the Shunamite
The Sandal-Maker of Galilee
The People Who Remembered Not

THESE ARE ONLY A FEW of the features planned for POST readers during 1899. Its short stories and its various departments of news and information will be, as usual, of the very best. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴